the ALTERNATIVE: AN AMERICAN SPECTATOR

Sally Quinn, Potomac Eminento
by Philip Terzian

Midge Decter, New York Sage
by Joseph Adelson

The Art of the Obituary
by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

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The Continuing Crisis

■ September, and the hopes and dreams of those splendid visionaries who persuaded the United Nations to solemnize 1975 as International Women's Year are finally being realized. Thus far the year had proved to be rather a disappointment what with Mother Gandhi's tergiversation to the old politics, Ms. Peron's *Weltschmerz*, and the revelation that Mrs. Ford is but a common sex maniac; but September was marked by feminine attainments comparable to the glories of Helen of Troy or to that memorable night when Mrs. O'Leary's cow undertook the urban renewal of two-thirds of Chicago.

■ On September 5, svelte Lynette Alice Fromme—devoted ecologist, feminist, and philosophical protégé of Mr. Charles Manson—became the first woman ever to attempt the assassination of an American President, though Mrs. Warren G. Harding had often considered it. Pointing a semi-automatic pistol before President Gerald Ford as he engaged in another wanton display of public handshaking, the pioneering feminist twitched the trigger and... heard the sound of one hand clapping. The gun had failed her, and she was brutally accosted by a mob of Secret Service agents led by Mr. Larry Buendorf. A shabby performance some radical feminists might say, but reasonable persons must admit that Ms. Fromme has—since her arrest—spoken affectingly of her love for the California redwoods, and doubtless galvanized national concern over the horrors of nuclear energy plants. At her arraignment she voiced political ideals astonishingly similar to those of Jean-Paul Sartre and the *New York Review of Books*, causing Federal District Judge Thomas J. MacBird to place her under psychiatric observation. Her bail was set at $350,000. Nevertheless, the forces of reaction will not go unchallenged, and, though Mr. William Kunstler has yet to arrive in Sacramento, the *New York Times* reports that "Hollywood interests" have begun negotiating for Ms. Fromme's release and for film rights to her life. What is more, the prestigious Macmillan Company purchased an option on book rights, assuring that Ms. Fromme's biography will be written in accord with the highest standards of scholarship.

■ On September 18, an FBI agent and a policeman furtively entered a San Francisco apartment and apprehended the celebrated Ms. Patty Hearst and an associate, but not before the beautiful young heiress declared her revolutionary scorn for The System by soiling her linen. It was an admittedly peculiar act of revolutionary fervor, but then queer acts have come to characterize the Symbionese Liberation Army (SLA), that radical not-for-profit organization which Mr. Randolph Hearst insists brainwashed his daughter by seating her for two months in a closet filled with her own excrement. Arrested the same afternoon were SLA veterans Emily and Bill Harris who were ambushed by dozens of agents as they trotted back from a midday jogging session, apparently under the assumption that sound bodies make sound minds. At their arraignment Mr. Harris prodigiously enriched the chrestomathy of radicalism with an exhortation hauntingly reminiscent of the fieriest utterances of Frantz Fanon or Ché Guevara. Glaring out over the courtroom, Harris counseled his followers to "Keep on Truckin'!"

■ Finally September 22 saw the rise from relative obscurity of Ms. Sara Jane Moore, a woman whose obvious quality of mind will make her one to conjure with as the women's movement continues its remarkable evolution. Standing in an interesting crowd outside San Francisco's St. Francis Hotel, this extraordinary woman became the second woman ever to attempt the assassination of an American President, though Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt had often considered it. As the bullet landed five feet from the visibly uneasy Mr. Ford, after bouncing harmlessly against a nearby cab driver's groin, rough hands fell upon Ms. Moore and she began offering her views on Marxism, radicalism, herself, the power of the Presidency; in fact she began elucidating views on practically every aspect of human existence in what has become perhaps the longest monologue in world history. Apparently from the moment Ms. Moore was apprehended she has not stopped talking, except to eat and to catch an occasional forty winks. Newspapers and newsweeklies bulge with her blowzy locutions, inmates in her cell block have not gotten a full night's sleep since the garrulous activist arrived, and she has worn out at least one recording device. Most amusing of all, that series of psychiatric examinations testing her fitness to stand trial devolved into a shambles. One exhausted attendant staggered away commenting that "she couldn't shut up for ten minutes." She is a marvel. She would be nationally syndicated were it not for the high cost of paper.

■ Washington, D.C. continues to be the scene of great endeavor. Senator Frank Church's committee is investigating the CIA for maintaining a program of unrestrained surveillance even as the artless Senator Joseph Montoya wonders aloud why the Secret Service has not followed a program of more surveillance. Senator Montoya promises to investigate. The *Washington Star* reports that Senator Edward M. (Ted) Kennedy has employed the distinguished consulting firm, Arthur D. Little, to ascertain how other men of his age, size, and condition would have responded during the Chappaquiddick unpleasantness. And a District undercover policeman whose duty it was to stalk narcotics salesmen in taverns was retired on full disability pay, he having become a hopeless alcoholic.

■ Traditional American anti-intellectualism reared its ugly head when a bookish New York City lawyer, Mr. Joseph Feldman, was arrested for being overdue on some books borrowed from the New York Public Library. Mr. Feldman was charged with a Class D felony after firemen found fifteen thousand New York Public Library books in Mr. Feldman's Greenwich Village apartment. Outside the courtroom Mr. Feldman, looking shaken but showing no signs of bitterness, gently protested, "I like to read." Twenty men, working three hours, removed the books in seven truckloads to the library. Their value was estimated at $125,000.

■ Harvard's professor James Q. Wilson, while doing a study of crime in England for *The Alternative*, was robbed of 20 pence in London's Soho district—proof that there is a sound rationale for our traditionally modest honoraria.

■ An incautious moment of pique by America's UN Ambassador may have imperiled our fragile relations with one of the Third World's most illustrious leaders. Speaking before a labor convention in San Francisco, Ambassador Daniel Patrick Moynihan quoted with apparent approval an editorial characterization of Uganda's President Idi Amin as a "racist murderer." It is a remark that could cost the United States dearly in its dealings with the dynamic chairman of the Organization of African Unity, unless, of course, Mr. Amin accepts Mr. Moynihan's remark as a compliment. Mr. Gregory Marton is suing a San Francisco sperm bank for losing his deposit, and in San Diego a progressive-minded judge has condemned the urologists of the nation for failing to aid him in a bold attempt to deal humanely with sex offenders Joseph Alonzo Kenner and Paul De La Haye. Both young men begged Judge Douglas R. Woodworth to have them castrated (bilateral orchidectomy) rather than sent to the calaboose, but according to Judge Woodworth, "A whole branch of the medical profession has been unwilling to extend a humanitarian service to these men, who face the prospect of being locked in a cage for the rest of their years." Has the need for a national health care program ever been more touchingly made?

■ Less than a week after the death of the Rt. Hon. Ray Burgess, the Alabama legislator whose propensity for wearing guns into the Alabama House had caused his colleagues to proscribe such armament, his colleagues eulogized him as one who "contributed immeasurably to the enrichment of our cultural, economic, and everyday lives." Mr. Burgess, once quoted as saying his life was "a gift of God, and God gave me the ingenuity to protect it," was shot during a domestic tiff. A novel form of nonviolent protest was resorted to by a Calgary, Alberta man who dissented from the Department of Transport's judgment that he was unfit to fly an airplane. Mr. Cal Cavendish flew over the heart of downtown Calgary and dumped one hundred pounds of manure on the city.

■ Finally, four weeks after the conclusion of the first World Congress of Sorcery held in Bogota, Colombia, vital signs in the U.S. economy began to perk up. The jobless rate for September plummeted to 8.3 percent. —*RET*

Editor in Chief: R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.; **Publisher:** Baron Von Kannon of the Saturday Evening Club; **Circulation Manager:** Ronald E. Burr; **Managing Editor:** Adam Meyerson; **Assistant Managing Editor:** Joyce Goldberg; **Production Manager:** Martin E. Northway; **Executive Secretary:** Mary M. Zingleman; **Senior Editors:** Terry Krieger, William Kristol, Rev. George Nathan; **Art Advisor:** Elliott Banfield; **Associates:** David Brudnoy, Jameson Campaigne, Jr., D.W. Cooper, John R. Coyne, Jr., Alan Reynolds; **Art:** Fred Marshall, José Guadalupe Posada, Aaron Sopher; **Contributors:** Aram Bakshian, Jr., Frank W. Blatchford III, A. Lawrence Chickering, Christopher DeMuth, J.P. Duggan, Terry Eastland, John C. Elsbury, Jerry Gerde, Fran Griffin, Kenneth Elvin Grubbs, Jr., Anthony Harrigan, Neil Howe, W. Wesley McDonald, Robert McTiernan, William H. Nolte, Gary North, Karl O'Lessker, Terry O'Rourke, Marc F. Plattner, G.W. Plunkitt, Peter J. Rusthoven, Benjamin Stein, J. Whitney Stillman, Richard S. Wheeler, Timothy J. Wheeler; **Legal Counsel:** Solitary, Poor, Brutish, Nasty & Short.

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Contributors

Joseph Adelson is professor of psychology at the University of Michigan and director of its Psychological Clinic...**Robert Asahina** is managing editor of *The Public Interest*...**David Brudnoy** is a Boston television commentator and syndicated columnist...**Max Geltman** is a writer living in New York...**Joyce Goldberg**, a history graduate student at Indiana University, is assistant managing editor of *The Alternative*...**Kenneth Elvin Grubbs, Jr.** writes editorials for the *Santa Ana* (Calif.) *Register*...**Steven E. Hyman** is a Mellon Fellow at Clare College, Cambridge, where he is studying philosophy of science...**Rael Jean Isaac** teaches sociology at Mercy College...**Judy Mathews** is a writer living in Bloomington, Indiana...**Donald M. McLean** is a writer living in Anaheim, California...**David I. Meiselman** is director of the Reston Economics Program at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute...**Adam Meyerson** is managing editor of *The Alternative*...**William H. Nolte** chairs the English department at the University of South Carolina...**Martin E. Northway** is production manager for *The Alternative*...**Peter J. Rusthoven** is a third-year student at Harvard Law School...**Bernard W. Sheehan**, who teaches history at Indiana University, is currently a research fellow at the Huntington Library...**Stanley Stillman** is a correspondent for a weekly newsmagazine...**Philip Terzian** is an editor for the New Republic Book Company...**Ben J. Wattenberg**, author of *The Real America*, is a Washington, D.C. consultant...**Peter P. Witonski** edited the four-volume *Wisdom of Conservatism*.

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The Art of the Obituary

Every now and again the poetic glow comes upon me, setting off an urge to write something other than my customary composition. I incline away from raw polemics, treatises, and bulls; and waltz into the world of *belles lettres*, where I devote myself to that curiously neglected literary genus, the obituary. Frankly stated, I glory in the solitary creative act of writing obituaries for the esteemed personages of our era. I say I glory in the act, because most of these trashy fellows have wrought a great deal of mischief, and I cannot wait to descant upon them as they trip headlong toward their eternal rewards. In the briefest period imaginable they have aided, abetted, and at times presided over the gutting of our society and the near bankrupting of our country.

New priorities, lush governmental subsidies, and the liberation of everything from aggrieved minorities to saucy ids were to assure us an era of incomparable joy. Well here we are ten or fifteen years after the great fevers set in, and about the only joy experienced in America is experienced by East Coast psychoanalysts gloating over their bank accounts. We have been victimized by charlatans, fanatics, and ignoramuses; and I itch to eulogize.

Unfortunately years have passed since a proper rogue exited for the hereafter. Say what you will about health care in America, my only complaint is that lately the healers have not provided me with a properly qualified carcass for my art. One cannot even rely on a public-spirited assassin. Oh the Republic abounds with assassins, but assassins devoted to the commonweal?—I ask you. There are some advanced societies where they can be counted on to practice their profession with prudence and dispatch. Even in yesteryear's America there were assassins who were at least drawn from the higher orders and who displayed education and tact—some were drawn from the arts. Alas, today they are more often than not pathetic lunatics, roaring with unappealing prejudices and a kind of upper atmosphere liberalism that emanates from National Public Radio and is seldom taken seriously by anyone save an occasional college professor and his obsequious graduate students. Such morons as Lee Harvey Oswald, Arthur Bremer, and now Citizen Fromme give all assassins a black eye, and anyway they never have the good taste to provide me with the kind of *corpus delicti* I seek to glorify.

So it is that when the poetic spirit arises I am forced to write without respect to the pathological condition of my subject. It is a fact that only intensifies my spirit of lamentation. In no way has it hampered my literary output. In fact my files bulge with unpublished obituaries awaiting the cooperation of their subjects. Scoundrels from all walks of life appear in these files, and naturally politicians are well represented. Consider the following, inspired by the antics of a distinguished United States Senator whose identity shall remain masked until the day he departs for his Heavenly holiday:

"Senator George S. McSoandso passed away early this morning after a restless night during which he shouted hundreds of thousands of words from speeches he had given throughout his long political career. The end came clamorously as he began going through his famous 'The Sky Is Falling' speeches, speeches generally associated with his historically fruitless Presidential campaign. His wife told reporters this morning that the distinguished Senator had just broken into that famous cadenza of 'Come Home America' exhortations when, as she put it, 'I heard a gurgle and switched on the light just in time to see that look of earnest heroism that he always wore in public fade from his face to be replaced by the blank look of perfect innocence which he always wore during briefings with his aides and while watching educational television. I called it his open look. It was so characteristic.'

"Indeed it was. Senator McSoandso was widely known to be the most gullible man to enter public life since William Jennings Bryan. He would believe anything. Even the nocturnal haranguing was characteristic, for he was a nonstop haranguer. He harangued Americans every day of his long career, and all Washington knew he spouted the same witless sonorities in his sleep that he intoned on the floor of the Senate. He actually believed his own ardent exhortations, and early this morning it appears that the cumulative significance of all those monstrous testimonials suddenly burst into his mind's eye. It was too much for him. Doctors report he died of a massive coronary brought on by fright.

"I do not mean to imply that this gullible blatherskite was simply a dupe. He had his own grand design, but he would believe any idiotic canard that would make that design appear feasible and exigent for America. Eventually he took on more horror stories than his frail constitution could bear.

"What he hoped to achieve in his lifetime was government control over every detail of every American's life. He simply never trusted his fellows, and he lived in constant fear that they would do something horrible. What is more, he believed anyone who told him that they actually were doing horrible things.

"Oh those Americans who were drowsing in poverty did not worry him. But give the Americano something to jingle in his pockets, give him some responsibility or some respectability, and Senator McSoandso was in a fury to tie him down. Because he feared that free men were capable of any infamy, he confected a rattletrap system of government control; and because he needed to make this absurd system appear plausible he sought out paragons with which to dazzle us. He raised up one penurious despotism after another for our edification, and whether we nodded in appreciation or not Senator McSoandso bellowed for legislation that would render the American citizenry secure and manageable. His ideas were not unlike those of Mother Gandhi, and I have always suspected that were he to win the Presidency he would surely visit us with her form of government. Nevertheless the comparison ends with ideology; with intelligence the contrast begins. Senator McSoandso was a hopeless dolt.

"Still his orations and misadventures were always amusing. He could never get into the White House, and as the years wore on his oratory became more desperate and lunatic. He was always most amusing. I shall miss him."

That is the kind of loveliness I am capable of, but writing about one of the paradigmatic goo-goo despots is not my only ambition. I yearn to elegize freshly departed rock virtuosi, jet set professors, and philistine business tycoons, to name but a few. Let their hearts sputter and pop to a halt, let their juices cool for but a moment, and instantly I shall be committing wanton arpeggios on my Royal. Once again let me dip into my file; this time a rock star has breathed his last; again delicacy induces me to conceal the identity of the deceased.

"Internationally acclaimed rock star, John, died today at the age of thirty-six. Death was attributed to old age. John was one of the four Worms, a rock group that wrote and sang songs urging fraternity, equality, and crackpot socialism; though not one of them could ever get along with anyone, and each of them made more money than a Wall Street bond salesman. John was a nuisance all his life.

"He lived on a diet of high intensity vitamins, for he believed that one's body was the domicile of spirits. To kill and devour animals was not only unhealthy and unjust but also a desecration against one's spirits. John also renounced vegetables, for he claimed that he once heard a cornstalk sob when it was shorn of one of its ears. His pursuit of bodily health occasionally conflicted with his pursuit of mental well-being, for he spent much of his later years ingesting amphetamines, sniffing cocaine, and smoking hashish.

(*continued on page 35*)

David I. Meiselman

Taxing Away Our Economic Growth

(This article has been adapted from a speech given by Mr. Meiselman at The Alternative*'s Conference on the Future of the Corporation and Free Enterprise, in Washington, June 14.)*

It has become common to use Britain's wretched economic performance and mismanagement to frighten Americans lest we end up in the same sorry mess of inflationary stagnation. You have all heard the dire warnings to the United States as well as the farewells to a sinking England. Thus, it will probably come as a surprise to most of you that since 1960 there has been more real economic growth per capita in the United Kingdom than in the United States.

Between 1960 and 1973, real output per employed person increased by an average of only 2.1% per year in the United States, while in the UK it increased by about 2.8% per year, or about a third more. These differences in growth may appear small in any one year, but they accumulate over the years, like compound interest, so that during that 13-year period the overall increase in output per employed person was about 43% in the United Kingdom compared with 31% in the United States.

I could easily make starker comparisons by using other countries. In Japan, for example, real output per employed person increased by 9.2% per year, or by a total of 214% over the 13 years. Even Italy, despite the repeated announcements of her demise, has flourished by comparison with the United States. Italian real output per capita increased an average of 5.7% per year, or 106% over the 13-year period.

I need not assail you with more numbers because I can easily summarize U.S. economic growth in the past twenty-five years or so and the principal views about it. For many years it was widely believed that the United States, presumably the productive wonder of the world and the blessed recipient of the touchstone of self-generating growth, would be able to follow the example of Al Capp's shmoo or the Good Lord's manna from heaven, and replace Adam Smith's unnecessarily dismal and pointlessly self-denying economics of scarcity with a new cheery economics of nonpolluting abundance, ease, and beauty. Necessary growth, like the rising of the sun, would—well, it would just happen. Growth was required because even a massive redistribution of income and wealth couldn't yield enough; the vast holdings of the Rockefeller family could hardly support the federal government for more than a few days.

But in this period, it turns out that the United States has experienced less growth in productivity than any other industrialized country in the Western world! To be sure, other countries started lower or suffered great and reparable destruction during World War II, but the large gap between the United States and other Western countries in real income per capita has narrowed considerably, even from pre-World War II levels. In some countries, real income per capita may now exceed that of the United States. As for the war argument, Canada suffered no direct war damage, yet Canada too has been growing faster than the United States.

What has the United States been doing so differently to result in such disappointing economic growth? One of the main reasons for our slowdown is that the American economy has been devoting too many of its resources to consumption and to government and not enough of them to the capital formation which makes growth possible. In fact, of all the Western industrial countries, the United States has devoted the smallest fraction of its Gross National Product since 1960 to private capital formation. Total fixed investment, which includes housing, has been 17.5% of real output in the United States, compared with 22% in Canada, about 25% in France and Germany, and over 35% in Japan. Even the British have devoted a larger proportion of output to capital formation than we have. Furthermore, the differences between American and foreign capital formation would be even greater if we excluded housing from the comparisons and examined only investment in plant and equipment, inventories, and the like.

The Importance of Capital

It is no accident that the United States is lowest in both capital formation and economic growth. Output can usually increase only when technology improves or, with a given level of technology, when either more capital or more labor is used. Technical progress itself depends on capital formation, because technological improvements do not occur automatically; instead, they are typically the consequence of deliberate and planned research and development, a form of capital investment. And for a given level of technology, if there is little additional fixed capital, output can increase only when there are more labor inputs—from more people working, or from people working longer hours. The only depend-

able way to increase labor productivity, output per man-hour, is to increase the amount of capital per worker.

In times of high unemployment, labor leaders and public figures often say that the answer to our economic problems is to put more people to work right away, which tends to lower the ratio of capital to labor. Thus emerges one of the paradoxes of economic policy, largely unnoticed and unappreciated. For it turns out that real wage rates depend on labor productivity —not because employers are guided by ethical reasons to reward workers for their productivity, but because market forces compel employers to do so. If, as a result of capital investment, employees become more productive, it will pay at least some employers to add to their work forces, and as the demand for labor goes up, employers in general will have to offer higher wages to attract workers or to keep them from quitting. The maximum each employer is willing to pay is determined by the productivity of labor, and hence by the ratio of capital to labor. Competition among employers tends to drive wage rates to this point, and therefore wages will be held down if capital investment is slow.

Several years ago, in a study that I did with Norman Ture, I did some research on these relationships to give them more precise empirical content. In studying the period from 1947 to 1967, I discovered that the capital input in the U.S. business sector increased at an annual average rate of 3 7%, while the increase in labor inputs averaged 1.4% per year. Thus, the capital/labor ratio increased quite markedly—at an annual average rate of 2.3%.

Over the period business output doubled, and my econometric study estimated that the increase in capital inputs, conventionally defined as plant, equipment, and inventories, accounted for 32% of the total; the increase in labor inputs for 26%; and technical progress, which is dependent on capital investment, for 42%. Capital formation was therefore of the utmost importance. According to my estimates, the increase in the capital/labor ratio increased labor productivity by 2.2% per year, on the average, which was essentially the same as the overall increase in real wage rates. The same general relationships held when the much longer period from 1929 to 1967 was examined.

Capital Deformation

If capital formation is so crucial for economic growth and rising real wage rates, why is the United States doing such a bad job of it? I contend that a number of public policy measures, by unduly penalizing saving and investment, have diverted resources individuals would prefer to devote to capital formation and future consumption to present consumption by households and by government. And one of the worst sets of policies, resulting in this wasteful distortion, is our federal tax system.

The fundamental bias against capital formation in our tax system is the multiple taxation of income which is saved and invested. Individuals must pay taxes on essentially all income they earn, whether they spend it immediately or invest it. The same holds true for corporations and their profits. Taxes must also be paid on interest and dividends earned by their investments, which result from previous saving and investing. This distortion by multiple taxation is particularly great in the case of dividends, for return on equity is also subject to an initial corporate profits tax of 48%. To be sure, so-called capital gains are taxed at lower rates than ordinary income, but this only moderates the distortion; it does not eliminate it. The same may generally be said for the effects of so-called tax loopholes.

For full tax equality between saving and consumption, all private sector saving should be deductible from the income tax base, whether invested in a savings account, the purchase of machine tools, the education of one's children, or the building of a shopping center. This would mean that businesses could write off 100% of the cost of production facilities in the year they acquire them, thereby eliminating depreciation and other recovery allowances. Canada and England already essentially have this system, and other countries generally permit substantially faster write-offs of depreciating capital assets than the United States does.

Indeed, in all sorts of ways, other countries tend to have much smaller tax biases against capital formation than we do. It is difficult to generalize about corporate taxation, but because of tax incentives, fast depreciation, and other policies, it is clear that effective corporate tax rates are much lower abroad than in the United States. Except for closely held corporations, other industrial countries such as Japan, the Netherlands, France, and Germany have few or no taxes on capital gains. Although payroll tax rates and sales and value-added taxes are much higher abroad, with the exception of England marginal income taxes are generally much lower than in the United States. It is not coincidental that the United States and England, the industrial countries with the most sluggish growth, are also the industrial countries with the most progressive income tax rates, reflecting a misplaced and self-defeating equalitarian ethic.

Great American Series

It is almost a joke now in the Western world, in the 20th century, to use words like "good" and "evil." They have become almost old-fashioned concepts, but they are very real and genuine concepts.... we have to recognize that the concentration of World Evil and the tremendous force of hatred is there and it's flowing from there throughout the world.

—Alexander Solzhenitsyn, before the AFL-CIO

Inflationary Distortion

The damage wrought by our federal tax system has been aggravated by inflationary use of the Federal Reserve's printing press. Taxable profits have traditionally been calculated on the basis of historic rather than replacement costs. During inflation, therefore, recorded profits are overstated. When prices increase, the cost of replacing inventories also increases. And depreciation, based on historic costs, becomes insufficient to replace machines being used up in production. Inflation thereby levies a special additional tax on business capital under our current tax laws. Many corporations have moderated some of this problem by shifting from the first-in-first-out (FIFO) method of accounting to last-in-first-out (LIFO), but such shifts have been recent, and previously, corporations were effectively taxed on their holdings of inventories.

Preliminary estimates for 1974 show reported profits before tax for nonfinancial corporations of $114 billion, a tax liability of $47 billion, and a net figure of $67 billion. That looks like a great year for business, but George Terborgh has estimated that corporations understated their true costs of replacing inventories and used-up plant and equipment by $48.8 billion, and as far as I know, no one has yet cast doubt on his calculations. In other words, real profits after taxes were only $18 billion, or about 1.5% of national income, the lowest proportion since the Great Depression of the 1930s. Because dividend payments were $26 billion, adjusted retained earnings were actually minus $7.9 billion! Corporations paid out more in dividends than they really earned. There is little wonder, in view of the results of these kinds of calculations, that the stock market seems to be so sensitive to inflation and why it collapsed last year—when we were experiencing double-digit inflation.

In 1965, a good but not an outstanding year, adjusted after-tax earnings amounted to $36 billion. If you put the $18-billion figure for 1974 in dollars of 1965 purchasing power, the number is only $12.2 billion, or one-third of what it had been ten years ago. Unconscionable profits indeed! If you compound the effect of inflation on corporate taxation, it turns out that effective tax rates on 1974 adjusted profits were 72%. The so-called unconscionable profits are the paper tigers of our economy.

In view of such high tax rates it is puzzling why the low level of capital formation is not even lower.

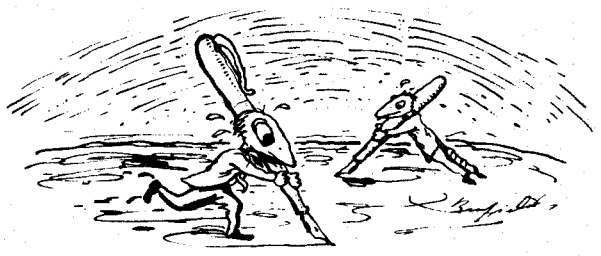
I have not even mentioned in this analysis government policies which make it difficult to obtain capital or which require its wasteful use. One great danger of the staggering federal deficit is that

government borrowing crowds out private borrowing for capital formation. And relying on money creation to finance the deficit would make things even worse because of the ensuing inflation. So long as government spending is so exorbitant, private capital formation will be difficult. The private sector, moreover, is now required by law to devote much of its capital expenditures to unproductive uses, such as excessive antipollution equipment, which leave even less for productive capital.

It is of course possible to go overboard on the question of capital formation, for you cannot get something for nothing. Resources devoted to capital cannot be used elsewhere, that is, in private consumption or in government services. The Russians have understood the importance of capital and the capital/labor ratio better than we do, but forced capital formation in the Soviet Union has been at the obvious cost of low consumption levels. (I might add that the record of economic improvement in Russia has been unimpressive in spite of large-scale capital formation, but this is the result of having a centrally planned and regimented economy.)

But capital formation, as I have tried to show, *is* critically important for economic growth and for increasing real wages. If we persist in our present tax and other economic policies, it may not be too far-fetched to suggest that Englishmen will soon be warning their countrymen not to go the way of the United States. □

Among the Intellectualoids



by D.M. McLean & Kenneth Elvin Grubbs, Jr.

A Carnival of Solipsists

The new Los Angeles Convention Center, one of Mayor Sam Yorty's final monuments, a remnant of those days before this city of the locusts was washed clean with Bradleyism: The Winternationals auto show '75 is downstairs; upstairs, or rather upelevators, is the What's So Seminar. The City of the Angels has always been Aimee Semple McPherson territory, a place of revival tents alternating with used car dealerships planted under the shadow of the Teapot Dome-enriched University of Southern California.

Aimee's ghost breezes through here, too; now the taxpayers have fittingly provided a permanent shelter for every contrived Damascus experience, secular or not so secular, that wings its way into town. In fact a contrary type might understandably wonder if "est," which stands for both the Latin "to be" and Erhard Seminar Training, is actually a new branch of flaccid Protestantism. Alas, try that one out as a quip in front of an ester and it will pass right over his or her private little head. Attend:

The registration girl voices surprise ("Wow!") upon seeing such dandy dudes, sporting umbrellas. For some inexplicable reason the Southern California ethos has always been Anything Goes—except males carrying umbrellas, even if there's a fine mist, like tonight. As she sticks on name tags we lie (boy, do we need est) that we journeyed from the East, as do many truth seekers... also carrying umbrellas. Understand? "Oh, *that's* fine!" she winks. She does not understand.

As we walk into the windowless room we are greeted by the "Hi Ken, Hi Don" ist volunteers, wearing the Hare Krishna, I've-found-the-truth, 500-watt smile. They usher the neophytes to chairs and join the gloom with their rapturous beams. Presently, a tidal ovation rushes through the three hundred sitters, all of whom, save the handful of introductees, have "had the experience." Official est trainer Landon, with that same kind of exuberant choreography reminiscent of the Up With People troupes, *runs* down the center aisle and lands on a stool.

Landon has stylish close-cropped hair and an oatmeal-colored V-neck sweater; he is Perry Como reincarnate. "Tonight," he begins, "we're going to learn more about what's so..." The applause sounds like prize-time at the Saturday matinee. But first he addresses the introductees, whom he has had raise their hands. We're to be separated, because we haven't the inoculation it takes to get into the hard stuff. We've heard what goes on in these grad sessions: the trainer berates individual esters ("you turkey!" "you asshole!") during marathons in which no one may leave his chair. Nope, we're not ready for that. We've not come prepared to learn people should take responsibility for whatever happens to them.

Pretty Pat, once a performer of some kind with Jack Benny (she says), leads us to a conference room. Pat is a volunteer, a happy trooper, an exponent of est (it saved her marriage, as her husband, TV cowboy actor Gary Clark, corroborates from the back of the room). Maddeningly, there is even applause among the introductees—a good many of whom, at least fifty per cent, it turns out, are evangelistic returnees. She asks some of us why we came. A teenaged girl testifies she quit her job and hitchhiked down from Oregon just to be here. Pat asks Ken. "Don and I are working in tandem on an article about est." A blank look passes her face and the room chills a few degrees. "Fine," she says.

It is not exactly the right attitude, one soon understands. You don't come to probe, analyze, or think about it. The est message is found in a two-weekend, sixty-hour-plus package of experience-it-don't-think-it, devised by Werner Erhard. That's derivative: Werner von Braun and Ludwig Erhard, see. That's because Erhard, or Jack Rosenberg in another incarnation, wanted a Germanic-sounding name to advance his new (it's all new now) psychology. Rosenberg left his wife and family many years ago and fled to San Francisco, where he ran through his cerebral blender: Zen, yoga, Dale Carnegie, touchie-feelie, gestalt, Scientology, *ad infinitum, ad nauseam*. He "got it," that is, the mystical est experience, one day while driving the freeway. He surrendered to it, Rosenberg-Erhard did, and all things have been added unto him, including forty thousand paid-up disciples, among them Yoko Ono, John Denver, Jerry Rubin, and Valerie Harper.

The purpose is to put you in touch with your feelings. Modern humankind's problem has been trying to live up to some belief system, established by the nation state, the church, or the tyrants mom and dad. Believes Erhard: "Belief is a disease; a belief system is a myth, created by knowledge or data without experience." Knowledge without experience is "a state of hypnosis, automatic and totally non-nurturing." Ethics ditto. Right and wrong are so much eyewash. Following an ethical system destroys the capacity for self-responsibility. You reject an action or a way of thinking simply be-

cause it isn't you. God is the Operative Solipsism.

"Sometimes people get the notion," Erhard lectures, "that the purpose of est is to make you better. It is not. I happen to think you are perfect exactly the way you are... the problem is that people get stuck acting the way they were, instead of being the way they are." But then it is so hard for the dunderheads to "get it." That is why the forty-thousand-member preremnant have paid their $250 for 18 hours of masochistic denigration and self-stroking coaching about how to "ride the horse in the direction it is going." (Interesting: the selfsame esters who talk about self-responsibility decline volitionally to rein the horse.)

And why should a trainer feel sorry for you? So you happened to be lying on the subway tracks when the IRT rolled in? No black-cloaked daddy tied you there. You're the turkey who said you had to be there. Who cares? Get it? You saps probably think there is some objective reality. That has nothing to do with you. Your experience tells you who you are. The world doesn't need you. You are the world. Be!

Question time. Ken, laboring under the impression, er, belief, that questions are supposed to get answers, asks Pat if she thinks est development might just possibly represent an historical return to the "inner-directed man," of David Reisman fame. "If that's where you're coming from," she hums. Mischievously, he wonders if all this captain-of-my-soul stuff is not a little right-wing. "If that's where you're coming from." Again a query: "Is the lunatic, experiencing himself to be Napoleon, in touch with reality? And why, by the way, if we're supposed to feel comfortable with ourselves, did Jack Rosenberg change his name?" Pat smiles and nods understandingly. Who is she to judge? Quoting Erhard, "Consciousness is all there is, there isn't anything else." I mean, if he really feels it... Let's take a break, f'chrissake.

The est volunteers pounce on us. They are generally young, twenties and up; hip and semi-; successful. Their testimonials are spontaneous, interminable. Not that they can tell you anything about est, merely how it changed their lives. A brillo-coiffed, Jean West-dressed practitioner congratulates Ken for his questions. "You pushed some buttons." He informs that he's been through it all: analysis, gestalt, I'm OK-You're OK, Esalen, Sandstone, primal therapy, *et al.* But est supersedes it all. His co-esters have not only cleared their heads but their bookshelves of Charles Reich, Wilhelm Reich, R.D. Laing, Alan Watts, and the other pop gurus. Now they spend their time, like one volunteer who drives up from San Diego three or four nights a week, witnessing their pristine egos, or joining an est postgraduate seminar, one being the What's So series.

We return to our seats. Volunteer Griff asks Don if he is going to sign up. "No, I don't need it." And what about Ken? "Do you think he needs it?" the unenlightened asks. "More than you," he responds. One doesn't know whether to be proud or offended.

Okay! By now we get the point. Pat can't explain the unexplainable. One of the techniques to "put you in touch with yourself" is called a process. A process is an awareness exercise used throughout the training. Pat tells us to get comfy, even take off our shoes if we like. Close your eyes. Take a deep breath. Relax.

Think of a string holding you from above. Think of the chair. Think of the person sitting to your left. If no one is sitting to your left think of the space. Think of its presence. Thank you. Now think of the person to your right... of the walls... of the ceiling... of the people in the room... of how you feel about them.. Thank you. Now think about someone you loved... of how you felt when a stranger came into the room... Thank you. Think of someone who loved you... how you felt about it... Thank you. Now think of the rug... rub your feet over it... think of its color... can you feel it through your shoes?... Thank you. Now feel the chair you're sitting on... rub your hand around it... Thank you.

Postprocess discussion. "That wasn't so bad, was it?" Pat chirps. "What color did you think of when you thought of the rug?" "Orange!" somebody shouts "Hey, I thought of orange too!" somebody else answers. "Me too," says another. "The people on this side of the room thought of orange," says Pat, "how interesting. What about this side of the room?" "Brown."

Cards are passed out. Last chance to sign up. Most all do before we are dismissed, three hours as est introductees "But have you signed up?" asks volunteer Carol, 30 years old, successful businesswoman, divorced. Well, it doesn't appeal to me, Don answers. Not good enough. The eyes tell her different. I don't need it. Not good enough. "Of course you don't, for you're perfect exactly the way you are." Try again. I don't want it. Another understanding nod and soul-penetrating stare. She understands —oh, how she understands! It's quite obvious. Look how you stand: arms folded, uptight, ascetic, possibly constipated Afraid of life and experience. No matter, though; Carol understands, and all those smiles, nods, and spontaneous hugs would not be wasted on one if there was no hope.

Griff moves in. "How can you write an article if you don't go through the training?" Does one have to be Chinese to write about China? Why must everyone go through est? Must you be living in error if you decline? "No," he says, "you could refuse simply because you're a righteous ass." An eyebrow elevates "But I don't make those judgments Actually, I have no feelings about you. I'm completely neutral."

Carol returns. She begins her touching autobiography. She never loved anyone. Always "needed" but never "was."

Pride and fear were the problem, you understand. The smile and understanding nod. Don is leaning back on his umbrella. An unexpected lunging hug almost topples them over. "But let me tell you about self-responsibility," she says, "of being in charge of myself. Y'know, I have a five-year-old daughter, and I love her dearly. But, y'know, she doesn't need me and I don't need her. Now that's est."

Ken is with Pat, trying to make repairs. "Look, I hope you didn't think I was being smart with all those questions, trying to show off my intelligence or something. Of course there are times when one shouldn't be too analytical..." "Oh, but you *are* intelligent," Pat reassures, "of course you are." For that Grubbs was waiting 26 years. See how valuable est is?

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The months go by. John Denver devotes a big part of his *Rolling Stone* interview far-outling about est. Valerie Harper accepts her Emmy on television, not reading a telegram from the VC, but giving a special thank-you to Werner Erhard, a "profound influence." A silly article by Marcia Seligson in *New Times* gets recycled in *Cosmopolitan* ("And I love Werner Erhard"). The craving for ontology goes exploited.

It is true, and est manifests it, that twentieth century man is unaccustomed to thinking ontologically, that he aches for a philosophy, any old philosophy, of being. Writes Seligson: "All my buttons were being pressed furiously: Hitler and the *jugend* (my god, that kraut name of his), mass hypnosis, the Messiah, mystical cultism, Elmer Gantry, Charles Manson and his army of idolizing murder machines. It didn't seem just cuckoo, it seemed damn dangerous." And then Seligson, who took such pains to show her skepticism, surrendered. "And I love Werner Erhard."

How do you explain to somebody like her that Erhard's none of that? For Seligson, he was either Gantry-Manson or God; either-or. Erhard is merely reintroducing, in his revivalist, capitalistic, semi-articulate way, an ontology to this incredibly revivalist, capitalistic, semi-articulate generation. The essence of a liberal education, John Henry Newman said in so many words, is that it is better to believe all things—if the choice must be made—than to doubt all things. Erhard flips the ontological coin and it lands with Newman face down. Doubt all things. Believe it. □

Peter P. Witonski

Peronism: A Legacy of Misrule

The late Juan Domingo Peron was a man of many moods. He was El Lider, El Jefe, the quintessential Argentine *caudillo*, the ultimate master of Latin American rodomontade. He was a socialist, a Marxist, a fascist, a devout Catholic, an excommunicated Catholic, a radical, a conservative, a revolutionary, a counter-revolutionary, a populist, a reactionary, a reformer—among other things. He was part Nasser, part Ataturk, part Franco, part Castro, part Hitler, part Stalin, even part Clement Attlee. And his greatest hero was Mussolini.

The eclectic ideology he called *justicialismo* was equally multifarious. It appealed, or seems to have appealed, to virtually every hue of the ideological spectrum—from the fanatical Montoneros on the far left to the fascist gunmen of the Argentine Anti-Communist Alliance on the far right. Peron was the champion of the trade unions and his most ardent supporters were the urban poor—whom he dubbed the *descamisados*, or shirtless ones—but at times he also numbered conservative business leaders, orthodox Communists, and moderate churchmen among his followers. For Peron was never easy to pin down. "If I define I exclude," he once declared. And he ruled his factious country by playing class against class: the *oligarquia* against the *descamisados*; rural Argentines against urban Argentines; left-wing Peronists against right-wing Peronists.

Peron, as Argentines are beginning to discover, was a kind of genius, but his genius was for public relations, *not* governing. *"Al pueblo, los tangos los cantos yo,"* was his way of saying, "I'll call the people's tune, because I am the General Will." Ultimately this philosophy led to his downfall in 1955 and to the downfall of Argentina. In a revealing letter to his friend Carlos Ibañez, who became President of Chile in 1952, he came as close as he would ever come to explaining what *justicialismo* was all about. "Give to the people, especially the workers, all that is possible," he wrote. "When it seems to you that you are giving them too much, give them more. You will see the results. Everyone will try to scare you with the specter of an economic collapse. But all of this is a lie. There is nothing more elastic than the economy which everyone fears because no one understands it."

Return of the Prodigal Father

Such was and is the essence of Peronism. It is an absurdly frivolous and idiotic philosophy, and yet Argentina—a country that is anything but frivolous and idiotic—has never quite been able to get it out of its system. When the aged Peron was returned to power in 1973, after 18 years of exile, even he seemed to recognize that the problems he had created in the fifties with his Thermidorian rhetoric and free-spending could not easily be solved; but, at the same time, he knew that he could not survive politically if he turned from the path of "authentic" Peronism. He found Argentina to be even more deeply divided than it had been in the fifties. He abandoned some of his old tactics—although he clung to his rhetoric—and tried to enlist old opponents in the military and the traditional political parties to aid him in unifying the country and bringing back some semblance of order to the shattered economy.

But Peron could not undo the damage he had done in the fifties, and Argentina became even more divided after his return. Indeed, on the very day of his triumphal arrival in Buenos Aires, fighting broke out between the extreme factions of his own political movement, leaving many people dead or wounded; and the undeclared civil war that had plagued Argentina for years became more intense. Had Peron lived longer and been surrounded by more competent associates it is doubtful that he could have done much to alter the situation. Argentina had been going downhill since 1946, when Peron first came to power, and the aging dictator was no longer the man he had once been. El Lider had become El Viejo, and in his last speeches the man who had mesmerized the *descamisados* in the fifties could barely be heard. With his yellow skin and black-stained hair he looked more like a badly embalmed corpse than his country's saviour, and when he died in his bed last year his countrymen were not the least bit surprised. But before dying Peron played one last cruel joke on the people of Argentina: he arranged for his third wife, Isabel Martinez de Peron, a woman of tawdry origins, with no education and no political experience, to become Argentina's Vice President, and, under the constitution, his successor as President. "Peron is dead—Viva Peron!"

Since Peron's death things have gone from bad to worse. Guerrillas roam the north of Argentina, outwitting the military at every turn, and gunmen and mad bombers patrol the streets of Buenos Aires, killing with reckless abandon. More than one thousand people have been killed in political violence, and

political kidnapping has become a major industry, earning urban guerrillas close to $100 million in ransoms. No Argentine citizen, it seems, is beyond the reach of the assassins. Last November, General Alberto Villar, the chief of Argentina's Federal Police, and, therefore, one of the most heavily guarded men in the world, was blown up as he climbed into his yacht. His murderers were never captured, although Mrs. Peron used his death as an excuse to place Argentina under a state of siege, and thus deprive her fellow citizens of even more of their liberties. Mrs. Peron and her henchmen have been unable to stop the violence. On the contrary, there is ample reason to believe, as the Buenos Aires daily *La Opinión* suggested recently, that her government was behind the Argentine Anti-Communist Alliance, which has brutally murdered critics of the regime regardless of their politics. "The killing will continue until we are rid of Peronism," the nationalist historian Julio Irazusta told me recently. "We Argentines," he explained, "have succeeded at everything—except politics. Our failure to produce a viable political system has negated all our other achievements, and reduced us to the status of an inferior nation. It has made it possible for us to be ruled by a person like Isabelita."

Argentine historians and political scientists have long sought to explain why their country—despite its riches—has failed to develop a successful political tradition like the United States, the country which the founders of Argentina most admired. Like the United States, Argentina is a frontier society, with an incredibly diverse geography that descends from the bloody Chaco and Andean highlands to the dry plains of Patagonia, the Straits of Magellan, and Tierra del Fuego. Argentine geography, as the historian Roberto Etchepareborda has noted, has shaped the Argentine national character, in much the same way that America's geography and frontier experience have shaped our national character. When José Hernandez's fictional gaucho Martin Fierro boasted, "I was born on the mighty *pampas* as the fish is born in the sea," he was not merely advancing the claims of his country's magically fertile heartland; he was emphasizing the extent to which he and his kind had been shaped by their unique environment. Yet the Argentine frontier experience did not unify the Argentine character as the frontier experience had done in America. As Argentina moved into the twentieth century Lord Bryce, who had spent some time in Buenos Aires, noted, "The Argentines have ceased to be Spaniards without becoming something new of their own.... They are a nation in the making, not yet made." The Argentine national character—which had appeared to be so firmly established earlier in the nineteenth century—had begun a period of metamorphosis, and it was impossible to predict what the new Argentina would be like.

During the fabled *ochenta*—the Argentine Gilded Age that began in the 1880s—the eyes of the world turned to Argentina. The term "as rich as an Argentine"—inspired by the ostentatious habits of the cattle-breeding *oligarquia*—gained a wide currency, particularly in Europe, and was applied to any conspicuously wealthy person, regardless of his country of origin. But riches did not bring political stability to Argentina. On the contrary, as new industries flourished and agriculture boomed, the fabric of Argentine society began to disintegrate. The old Creole society dominated by the provincial *caudillo* and his loyal *peones* began to collapse as the economy expanded. The legendary gaucho moved to Buenos Aires and joined the ranks of the growing proletariat. Foreign investment and massive immigration, primarily from Italy and Spain, transformed the texture of Argentine society. Between 1869 and 1914, largely as a result of immigration, the population rose from 1.8 million to 7.8 million. By the early 1900s, 30 percent of all the people in Argentina were foreign-born, and 80 percent of the adult male population of Buenos Aires was foreign-born. These *gringos*—as the old Creoles dubbed them—brought with them alien ideologies, languages, and

manners that were to influence Argentina far more profoundly than immigration was to influence the United States.

After the deluge of immigrants Argentina began a period of decline that has continued to the present day. The old traditions were washed away, beginning in the 1880s, and the typical Argentine became rather cavalier in his dealings with existing institutions. The military coup and the national *caudillo* became the new established phenomena. It is odd for a North American to sit over coffee with a group of well-educated Argentines as they discuss their expectations of a military coup, and yet that is what Argentines talk about every few years—and that is the kind of conversation that is going on in Argentina today. They do not expect much from their *caudillos*—just as North Americans do not expect much of their big city mayors—and historically they have never received much from them. Peron was the one exception.

Although Peron was in many ways a typical Argentine military *caudillo*, he aroused more passion in his people than any *caudillo* before him. Those who hated him hated him to the point of never uttering his name; those who loved him burned religious candles beneath his effigy, and even prayed to him. Two factors, above all, distinguished Peron from his predecessors. The first was his championing of the Argentine working class, which had long been ignored by Argentine politicians. When he became minister of labor after the 1943 coup, he transformed the moribund General Confederation of Workers into one of the most powerful central labor unions in the world, making it his main power base; and he initiated drastic reforms in working conditions, ordered pay raises, enforced collective bargaining, and greatly expanded social services. But his most important asset, the thing that made him most different from all the *caudillos* that had come before, was his partnership with the woman who was eventually to become his second wife, Eva Duarte.

Evita

Evita made Peron, and it is impossible to understand Peronism without knowing something of this remarkable woman. Before meeting Peron she was already a popular radio performer in Buenos Aires, acting in a number of soap operas. She was attractive, passionate, strong, intelligent, and very ambitious. These were all qualities which Peron lacked. She also understood the common people, and possessed political instincts and vision that were very advanced by Latin American standards. She combined the qualities of a beautiful fashion model with those of a secularized madonna and a Tammany Hall wardheeler. When Peron became President she was only 25. She had risen to the top from humble origins and had come to hate the old *oligarquia*, a fact that would influence the future course of Peronism. The poor were her constituency (it is said that she knew thousands of Buenos Aires slum-dwellers by name), and her power lay in her ability to remain in touch with them in a way her husband could never do. Quite often she would wander through the squalid *villas miserias* of Buenos Aires simply tossing small bundles of money at the poor who flocked to her side. She gave the poor a sense of dignity even as her husband's half-baked economic policies lowered their already low standard of living; and the poor, for their part, made Evita into a kind of secular goddess. Whenever Peron faltered she was there to support him; whenever his popularity declined she would win the people back; whenever Peron's profligate acts of private dissipation caused a scandal she managed to assuage the public's response to it. When she died of cancer in 1952 (at the age of 33) Peronism lost its most popular advocate and its most powerful weapon.

Under the influence of Evita, Peron began an era of reform that revolutionized Argentine society. He gave women the vote, he gave the workers a 48-hour week and 13 months' pay for 12 months' work, he established a minimum wage, he set up elaborate public works projects, and he greatly expanded social services. At the same time, however, he totally ig-

nored the agricultural sector of the Argentine economy (which was the backbone of the economy), and, at great cost, he nationalized industries simply because they belonged to his enemies. He spent far more money than Argentina had to spend. He also began a reign of terror that has poisoned political debate in Argentina to the present day. He viciously persecuted his political enemies, both real and imagined. Jorge Luis Borges was forced out of his position as director of the National Library and assigned to a menial job in the Ministry of Agriculture. Victoria Ocampo, the editor of the famous literary journal *Sur*, was arrested and forced to spend many months in prison with prostitutes—because she sang the national anthem in public. The Nobel Prize winner, Bernardo Houssay, was fired from his position at the University of Buenos Aires, along with 385 colleagues —for refusing to take part in a Peronist demonstration. And Jews, regardless of their politics, were singled out for harsh treatment simply because they were Jews. Peron defined treason liberally, and thousands of ordinary Argentines were imprisoned and, in some cases, tortured and killed—simply because they were not ardent enough in their love for Peron.

When Peron became President the Argentine treasury held about $1.3 billion in reserves; by 1952 this had dropped to $450 million. As Argentina's debts mounted and as the economy slowed down, Peron became more and more isolated. In 1951 he made a mistake that was to turn world opinion against him: he closed down the distinguished newspaper *La Prensa*. But his greatest mistake was to attack Argentina's powerful Catholic Church. Peron became angry when the Church, which had approved of his early reforms and had originally given him strong support, began to object to the growing ruthlessness and repressiveness of his regime. After ordering two bishops out of the country, he was excommunicated by the Vatican, an act which cost him dearly, even among the *descamisados*, and which, more than anything else, led to his downfall. Without Evita's rhetoric he was unable to win back the support of the people, and in 1955 he surrendered his office to a military junta without a struggle.

From Bad to Worse

Argentina was ruled by a series of military and civilian governments in the years after Peron's ouster, but the situation only grew worse. The economy continued to stagnate, the standard of living remained low, and the restoration of order was not achieved. Indeed, the failure of the various post-Peron governments to lift Argentina out of its political and economic sty made many Argentines forget the nastier aspects of Peron's rule. The old dictator's popularity seemed to increase with each passing year, and by 1971 Argentines of all classes could look back to his government with almost sentimental longing. The Peronist repression and excesses were quickly forgotten; only the memory of relative prosperity remained. Even the leaders of the *oligarquia* had come to believe that the Argentine crisis could only be solved by bringing Peron back to power.

Left-wing and right-wing guerrillas agitated violently for his return, and by the spring of 1973, President Alejandro Lanusse, who had spent several years in one of Peron's political prisons, grudgingly initiated contacts with the old *caudillo*. Lanusse tried desperately to gain Peron's support without actually bringing him back to Argentina, but events ultimately forced him to agree to Peron's return and to let the Peronist movement run a candidate for the Presidency—Hector Campora, a left-wing dentist. Campora was to be no more than a front-man for Peron, and when, after a few weeks in office, he emptied Argentina's jails of both political and common criminals, his days were numbered. Peron ran himself in the new elections, with Isabelita as his running-mate.

Peron returned to power with the support of most sectors of Argentine society, but his broad coalition began to fall apart

as he began to denounce the *oligarquia*, threaten *La Prensa*, and crack down on the Left. These tactics were in part a return to "authentic Peronism" but they also represented the influence of a new power in the Peronist movement: a sinister, previously unknown man named José Lopez Rega. Lopez Rega had served briefly as one of Peron's bodyguards in the 1950s. During the early years of Peron's exile, the two met again, in a Panama City clip-joint where Lopez Rega was managing a young stripper and bargirl named Isabelita Martinez, the girl who was to become the third Mrs. Juan Peron, and, after the old man's death, President of the Argentine Republic.

It is not completely clear what Lopez Rega's hold was over the aging Peron, but it was a clearly powerful one that was to dominate the last years of the *caudillo*'s life. We may surmise that Lopez Rega controlled Peron by an uneven combination of flattery, intense loyalty, and pseudomagical power. Lopez Rega believed himself to be a great necromancer, and while still a poor policeman he had written and privately published several books on mysticism and fortune-telling. Isabelita was devoted to his teachings and spiritual prognostications, and through her Peron, who was always superstitious, came to believe that Lopez Rega possessed magical powers that would, among other things, restore his youthful vitality. Whatever the case, Lopez Rega rarely left Peron's side. He followed him like a shadow, he told him what to say, he wrote his speeches, and on the day of his death he tried, according to several witnesses, to raise the dictator from the dead. Lopez Rega was instrumental in Peron's decision to remove Campora from the presidency, and in his decision to run for the office himself, with his ex-stripper wife as his running-mate for the vice-presidency. Peron was already dying, and Lopez Rega knew that Isabelita would be the next Argentine President.

Rescued by Death

Peron died on July 1, 1974, and as one Argentine commentator noted, the old *caudillo* was lucky even in death. The economy was about to collapse. The Montoneros, who had suspended their violent activities when Peron came back to Argentina, were returning to their killing and kidnapping. But Peron died in the nick of time. Just as the 1955 coup enabled him to escape the responsibility for his own misrule, so his death saved him from that same responsibility in 1974. In the end, he seemed to transcend all his sins and to become his country's symbol of national unity. As the Argentine situation became more complicated and bloody the *aficionados* could say, "If only Peron were still alive things would be much better for us." His death shifted responsibility to the shoulders of his fragile widow and the nefarious man who served as her private secretary.

Under Lopez Rega and Isabelita, Peronism ceased to be a political movement and became a kind of political gang. One criticized Mrs. Peron and Lopez Rega only in the most polite terms, for to do otherwise, to become too harsh in one's criticism, meant certain injury. The Argentine Anti-Communist Alliance, Lopez Rega's goon squad—it had nothing to do with anti-Communism—killed opponents of the regime with sudden and brutal frequency. One of its victims was Professor Carlos Sacheri, one of Argentina's most brilliant conservative intellectuals, who was a firm anti-Communist but an even firmer anti-Peronist. He was gunned down in front of his family as he left church last Christmas Day.

Lopez Rega's own downfall came about when his economics minister, Celestino Rodrigo, imposed rigid price and income controls on the economy. The necromancer's first response to the economic crisis was to do what most economic illiterates do when inflation is running close to two hundred percent—he printed money. (Incidentally, much of the new money has had to be printed in Chile because the Argentine presses and coin-stamping machines have been breaking down as a result of overwork.) As foreign debt continued to rise and as living costs

continued to soar, however, Lopez Rega consented to Rodrigo's stern policies, which did nothing to help the Argentine economy, but did succeed in outraging the powerful trade union leaders. Already upset over how Lopez Rega had usurped control of the Peronist movement from them, the union leaders called a general strike which brought the country to a standstill. Lopez Rega had no choice but to resign, and he went into exile in August.

Meanwhile, Argentina had plunged deeper into economic and political ruin, and Mrs. Peron had faded to a mere 88 pounds, on the verge of a physical and nervous breakdown. In these chaotic circumstances Mrs. Peron decided in mid-September to take a leave of absence from the presidency. She temporarily handed over her presidential powers to Mr. Italo Luder, the Speaker of the Argentine Senate, and headed off for a month's rest at a heavily guarded air force resort in the Cordoba hills. Many Argentines would be happy if Isabelita remained forever in her lush hideaway. Certainly the brilliant Italo Luder, who is one of Argentina's most respected legal scholars, is better qualified to rule the country than the undereducated ex-stripper he replaced. But Mrs. Peron is the keeper of her husband's flame, and will probably return to power as she has promised. This is clearly what the Argentine political establishment, from the military to the political opposition, desires. Nobody, including the military, wants a military takeover, and Juan Peron's widow is probably the only person in Argentina who can prevent one. If Argentina can make it to the next general election in 1978 without a coup or a social revolution, the politicians optimistically believe that a new democratic order can be brought to Argentine political and economic life. But before that happens, the last vestiges of the Peronist myth must be destroyed. This is, perhaps, the main reason why Mrs. Peron will be allowed to return. It is hoped that her incompetent rule will finally succeed in convincing the Argentines that Peronism is a gigantic swindle and a political mythology.

The Ultimate Symbolic Gesture

Whether the Argentines will ever be able to cast off the shackles of the Peronist mythology remains to be seen. As a people, the Argentines are lovers of symbolic gestures. Peron understood this better than any other modern Argentine politician, and for almost thirty years—both as an active figure in Argentine political life and as an exile—he remained the hero of his countrymen by freely dispensing such gestures. But since the fall of Lopez Rega, the wisest Argentine political leaders—including many Peronists—have come to recognize that symbolic gestures are luxuries which Argentina can no longer afford. Even the emotional Isabelita, as she relaxes at her Cordoba retreat, must know that the time for symbolic gestures had passed. But as of this writing Argentina continues to run on nothing more than such gestures, and there is no reason to believe that Argentina's political leaders are tough enough to get down to the business of dealing with the real facts of Argentine political life.

Last year the leninized mummy of the late Evita Peron was finally returned to Argentina. It is eventually to be placed in a massive Peronist shrine (still under construction) between the bodies of her late husband and the brutal nineteenth-century dictator Juan Manuel Rosas (a barbaric gaucho whose remains were also returned to Argentina last year from their resting-place in England). It was the ultimate symbolic gesture, and the Argentines with their almost Russian passion for necropolitics spent a great deal of time discussing the artistry of the undertaker who had embalmed Evita to look the way she had in life. It was almost as if the desperate people of Argentina believed that the return of Evita's body could somehow return Argentina to the illusionary kind of prosperity that existed in the days of her power. But Evita's body could have remained in its Roman hiding place if that is all Argentines expected of it, for even after Evita's death, her restless spirit and the cult it engendered remained alive in Argentina. It provided Peronism with its greatest myth, a myth that may prove impossible to destroy, even though Argentina can no longer afford to cultivate it. Musing upon the terrifying implications of Peronism, the blind Argentine poet Jorge Luis Borges told me, "We were once a great people with a great future. But since the days of the first [Peronist] dictatorship, we have been a people without a future." Like most Argentines, Borges was unwilling to discuss Argentine political life in greater detail. "Let us discuss Anglo-Saxon poetry instead," he said. "It is a happier, more realistic subject, and there is more logic in *Beowulf* than there is in Argentina today." □

Max Geltman

What's Left in Portugal

Whatever happens in Portugal, no matter which way the wind blows in the beleaguered nation, only the Left can come out on top. Whether it will be the totalitarian Left that will ultimately triumph or the more moderate Left is not yet clear, and may not be known for some time. But the departure of General Vasco Goncalves from high office should not obscure his continuing presence behind the scenes. The formation of a coalition government on September 19 should be seen not as a roadblock to Communist objectives, but rather as the victory of one school of Communist tacticians over another. Recent events have in no way changed the central fact of Portuguese life: the military forces committed to a revolutionary-left regime, if not quite a Communist takeover, are firmly in charge, and no matter what happens they will probably remain in charge.

In April 1975, almost one year to the day after the rightist Caetano regime was overthrown and the new revolutionary government was sworn in, elections were held which showed that the Communists (and their allies) controlled about twenty-five percent of the vote, while all the socialist and anti-Communist forces were supported by seventy-five percent of the electorate. Good? Well, as Khrushchev said when he was voted down on the Soviet Presidium seven to four, "Seven to four is arithmetic, not politics." In 1917, when the Bolsheviks polled only about the same percentage of the vote as did their Portuguese disciples, did Lenin ask for a recount? No, he seized power, declaring that by *his* political arithmetic his party had really won the election and, besides, this business of electoral majorities was nothing but a bourgeois-democratic trap. Anyone who disagreed with him and his party was a traitor to socialism, and would be shot—and shot he was—and the shooting has never stopped.

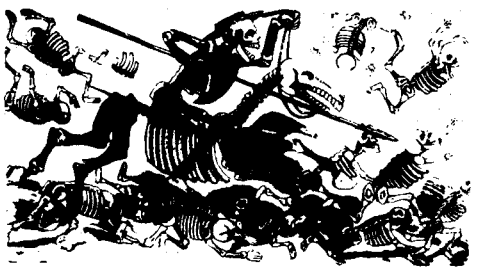
It seems Portugal today is merely repeating, as if in a recurring dream, the experiences of 1917-18 in Russia some sixty years earlier. Three days after the seizure of power by the minority Bolsheviks, *Pravda* declared: "We have closed some newspapers calling themselves socialist." On May 20, 1975, the Portuguese Socialist Party organ, *Republica*, was seized by the minority Communists and has not yet been returned. The chances that it will ever be returned to its prior sponsorship are negligible, although it may be allowed to resume publication under "workers' control." President Francisco da Costa Gomes defended his regime from accusations of arbitrary, dictatorial rule by telling a gathering of journalists in Paris June 1 that the seizure

of *Republica* was "deplorable," but he added that it would "soon be rectified"; that a new law (passed by whom?) would "give workers' committees equal rights with management in formulating editorial policy," meaning that the Socialists would have nominal control, but that the Communists would write all the editorials! Asked why there were so many political prisoners in "revolutionary Portugal," the President responded: "We have made mistakes. There are more people in prison than we intended...and we are going to reorganize the police system," which prompted a self-exiled Portuguese attorney whom I interviewed in Paris July 9, to say: "He means that they will exchange prisons for concentration camps." I also learned from this attorney that Sá-Carneiro, head of Portugal's Social Democrats, is the only viable "conservative" on the scene—but, my informant added sadly, "except for a sense of democratic moral outrage, he has no real power base."

Meanwhile, it is best not to pay much attention to the game of musical chairs being played in Portugal. General Vasco Goncalves is out (as Premier). Admiral Jose Batista Pinheiro Azevedo is in. Each such move is hailed in the press as a setback for the Communists. It isn't. The "real" admiral of the revolutionary Armed Forces Movement is the "red" admiral Antonio Rosa Coutinho, to whom Azevedo is fiercely loyal. And the most important figure behind the government is General Otelo de Carvalho, a Mozambique-born rebel who, rumors tell, has long been a secret member of the Communist Party, perhaps its most important member. These rumors have not been confirmed, but we can infer his sympathies from his remarks upon returning from Cuba in late July: "We are going to see now what we can use here of what we learned in Cuba. I have just returned from a real socialist country and I can tell you it was worth the sacrifice." These remarks, reported July 31 in the (London) *Daily Telegraph*, are especially frightening, because Carvalho is Chief of Security for the Armed Forces Movement, and his control of military police forces gives him more power than the President or Premier.

Moreover, the coalition politics which the Communists are now playing fits directly into the strategy suggested by Santiago Carrillo, the suave Secretary-General of the Spanish Communist Party who has recently surfaced, after a clandestine existence when he was known to the French and Spanish police as "Giscard." Carillo warned the impatient Alvaro Cunhal, Communist boss of Portugal, not to sing the Lenin refrain note for note; the modern way to seize power, he said, is the way of the "refined" Enrico Berlinguer, head of the Italian CP. Carrillo therefore preached a coalition politics that would exclude only the "anti-workers" parties and would welcome Mario Soares' Socialists. For his part, Soares had long made known his attitude toward such a coalition. Speaking just after *Republica* was seized, he said (May 24): "Cooperation with the Communist Party is not only necessary, it is desirable." It was at this point that Comrade Carrillo decided to shed his underground cover. In Lisbon last August, he counseled Cunhal and the ideological leaders of the Armed Forces Movement —the members of its so-called Sociology Center—to be patient, not to push too hard on the Goncalves matter, and to protect the revolutionary gains by "compromise."

This Carrillo is a smooth, soft-spoken spokesman for "moderate" international Communism; he waits in the wings for Franco to pass peaceably from the scene. He and his cadres are the only Spaniards prepared for such an eventuality, and he does not want any precipitate adventure in Portugal to interfere with his plans for Spain; therefore, he has been chiding the Portuguese Communists for their lack of sophistication, for putting too many of their eggs in the military basket. He supports Carvalho, more than President Gomes, even more than Cunhal and Goncalves. Premier Azevedo is also Carrillo's



man, for although the Spaniard would prefer the "red" admiral for the post, he is satisfied to go along with any powerful man from the navy, that branch of the armed forces which is most militant and most dedicated to the revolution.

When Goncalves' nomination for Chief of Staff was withdrawn in early September, the Western press exuded a euphoria that may have been more a result of wishful thinking than a realistic appraisal of probabilities. Actually, what happened was the triumph within the Communist world of Carrillo's ideas over the forces advocating outright seizure of power. This was highlighted by the reaction to an article in *Pravda* in mid-September by a hard-line Stalinist, Professor Konstantin Zaradov, who called for the immediate establishment of a "Dictatorship of the Proletariat in a revolutionary situation." It was a trial balloon wafted toward Portugal, but it brought instant and angry rejoinders from the Communist leaders of Italy and France, who are trying to gain for themselves a place in coalition governments in their own countries. After that even Comrade Cunhal got the message, and the way for a Portuguese coalition government—long the goal of Socialist leader Soares, and the "moderate" Communists of Spain, France, and Italy—was cleared. Finally, on September 19, the new coalition of Soares Socialists, Popular Democrats, and Communists was sworn in—with the far-left military junta and the militant Sociology Center in command of all the prerogatives of revolutionary direction.

The new cabinet (as of September 19) includes four Soares Socialists, two Popular Democratic socialists, and one Communist. Joining them as Foreign Minister is Ernesto Melo Antunes, an early and fiery leader of the revolutionary forces, now estranged from the Communists, and a major force in the "ouster" of Goncalves. (Goncalves is still around, although he may accompany President Francisco da Costa Gomes to Moscow, where they are due to arrive in late September or early October.) Washington is pleased by Antunes' appointment, but so is Moscow—and it should be remembered that the latter reason is probably why he was chosen. Both superpowers see in his appointment assurance that Portugal will remain in NATO. The Russians want this for their reasons, Kissinger and Ford for theirs, and Europe waits on the sidelines, hoping for the best.

The other cabinet ministers hew more or less to a leftist, socialist line. The Minister of Social Affairs, Jorge Sa Carvalho Borges, was probably chosen because he belongs to the farthest left segment of that misnamed party—the Popular Democrats, who are neither popular nor democratic. The most dangerous minister will be Francisco Zenha, the militant naval officer whom Premier Azevedo selected as Minister of Interior. In this vital post Zenha will be able to coordinate the forces of state repression with the military security forces controlled by Carvalho.

The big question for the future of the coalition is what Soares will do. Will he listen to the Social Democrat Şá-Carneiro and keep the coalition from becoming the Communist stepping-stone to absolute power? Or will he listen to the blandishments of Comrade Jorge Jesuino who told a gathering of academics in New York May 15, that one need not worry about the question of "multiple parties in Portugal," for "the Communists were pioneers in pluralism"? (Yes, Jesuino actually said it, and he was roundly applauded for saying it. Which brings to mind how history tends to repeat itself. Asked in 1918 whether the Bolsheviks believed in multiple parties, Bukharin, the author of the Soviet Constitution, replied: "Sure we do, one party in power, all the others in jail." Two decades later Stalin had Bukharin shot.) The outlook looks bleak: it is sad to record, that as late as August 31 this year, Soares repeated his desire to serve in *any* government set up jointly (he thinks!) by Comrade Cunhal and himself.

The Armed Forces Movement, for its part, makes no bones about what it intends to do with the coalition. On September 20, Premier Azevedo made clear the road he expects the new government to take—or else! Pointing to the Popular

Democrats, he said: "We accept parties that defend social democracy and with which we consider it necessary and useful to cooperate, without permitting them, however, to take over the political direction of the revolutionary process." As the *New York Times* correspondent observed (September 21), "This seemed like a warning to the [Soares] Socialists also, for that party is often accused of reneging on its self-proclaimed Marxian principles."

The people, of course, want no such solution. They follow Soares as the least of all evils: there just is no other prominent personality whom they trust. But Soares doesn't trust himself to rule on his own. He is afraid of power, as most Socialists are when confronted with the equation Either/Or. Not once—in all the months that have expired since the Communists seized his party newspaper—has he demanded that a return of press, radio, and television be a pre-condition for his accepting any part in any government. Instead he has lent support to the illusion that President Gomes is a "moderate." Gomes is not. Nor is the new Premier, Admiral Azevedo. And the head of security, General Carvalho, is certainly not. On August 31, Soares repeated his plea for a coalition, a coalition in which Carvalho would retain his post as Chief of Security, in charge of all military organs of suppression. This shows how much Soares can learn from history, for it was not long before that Carvalho declared—again according to the *Daily Telegraph* of July 31—"that he regretted that all counter-revolutionaries had not been shot or put in the Lisbon bull-ring after the April 1974 coup."

Marx was wrong. History never repeats itself as farce, always as tragedy. □

September 22, 1975.

Stanley Stillman

Who Controls Foreign Policy?

"...soon or late, it is ideas which are dangerous for good or evil."
—John Maynard Keynes

The nexus between human action and human values is surely one of the most difficult of social phenomena to understand. The nexus between human values and ideas is even more mysterious. And yet if the public issues of the day are to be comprehended at all, the proper connection must be grasped. Keynes once wrote that he was "sure that the power of vested interests is vastly exaggerated compared with the gradual encroachment of ideas." Often quoted on economic subjects, Keynes' remarks were clearly meant to apply to political philosophy as well. They are also useful in looking at foreign policy and the crucial issue of how much power a nation really wields in world politics.

Recently, for example, Gerald Ford and Henry Kissinger have been heavily criticized in certain quarters for having compromised the national interest in the SALT disarmament negotiations. They are charged with having given up potential superiority in strategic weapons over the Soviet Union for parity in the number of ballistic missiles.

Paul Nitze, a former top official in the State and Defense departments of both Democratic and Republican administrations, has given the sharpest focus to this criticism. He acknowledged that the "main basis" for the Ford-Kissinger decision was their "judgment that congressional and public opinion will not support the measures necessary to halt present trends [toward parity]." "But," he asked rhetorically, "is the Executive Branch taking the steps which might lay a foundation for a more favorable climate next year and the year after?"

This question raises the central issue in the SALT talks compromise: Who really is responsible for fashioning the country's public opinion on such crucial issues? Some people suggest the President is. He certainly plays a role. But in the most fundamental way the nation's intelligentsia properly bear the primary responsibility. It is the poets and philosophers of the education, religious, and media communities whose ideas shape the basic values of society. They therefore ultimately shape society's public policies, including foreign policies, its perception of vital interests, and its determination to defend those interests.

Poets and philosophers operate from independent positions and institutions. They can run against the grain of popular fashions and direct public opinion one way or another without fear of losing their jobs. Political leaders in a democratic society, by contrast, depend in the most fundamental sense upon public opinion. They must confront it head-on in each election. To survive, even the best of them must bend at times to its vagaries and williwaws. Furthermore, even if they resist public pressure, they are still expected essentially to respond to the felt needs of society and to fashion social, political, and economic programs that reflect its values, not to create them in the first place.

Given such vulnerable positions, why should politicians bear anything but the most limited responsibility for shaping public opinion? Is it proper or reasonable to expect them to demand sacrifices of the nation if whenever they do they are subjected to harsh criticism and if two, four, or at best six years hence they face reelection?

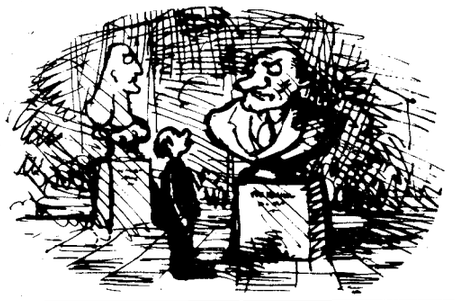
The restraint on foreign and defense policies, therefore, comes not so much from Kissinger and Ford as from the present character of America's will. Our once strong spirit of achievement and drive to produce has been replaced by an air of consumptive self-indulgence in not only material things but also the arts. Our once dynamic respect for individual self-reliance, progress, and man's ability to influence his destiny has been replaced by an unrealistic commitment to equality, static harmony, and a Malthusian fatalism about the environment.

This is a direct outgrowth of such influences on the society's values as the hedonism of Fellini's *Satyricon*; the senseless violence of Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*; the value-empty bankruptcy of children's programming on television; the mystical egalitarianism of Ivan Illich's writings; and the negative vision of human achievement in Robert Heilbroner's book, *An Inquiry into the Human Prospect*, which asks us to give up the dominant theme of our civilization, the goal-striving myth of Prometheus, for the burden-bearing myth of Atlas. From the sublime to the ridiculous, the serious to the frivolous, these materials all undermine the values required to sustain purposeful, forceful foreign and defense policies.

When such ideas dominate, it is foolish to expect the people, or their elected representatives, to strive for anything more than parity with the Soviet Union. It is a sign of the times that defense spending has risen by only a paltry 4.3% since 1970. Critics may argue that Ford and Kissinger should give defense policies first priority, that they should concentrate their marginal powers of influencing public opinion on stressing the need for greater defense spending, even if it means drawing the antagonism of Congress and, more important, of the articulate intelligentsia. But the President has also taken unpopular stands in trying to influence energy and economic legislation, and who would deny that these are important issues on which to take stands? There is a limit to the criticism that mor-

(*continued on page 28*)

Eminentoes



by Philip Terzian

Sally Quinn and the Telegenic Intellect

Don't get me wrong. Being a celebrity is not entirely tedious. I like being called to do a piece for the Atlantic. *I like being interviewed by* Time. *I like making money. I have returned from television to discover that I have a magnified reputation that does get in the way. But I am not a failure. I am not a loser.*

—*Sally Quinn,*
Time, *July 17, 1975*

The philosophers of weight-watching insist that inside every fat man is a thin one yearning to get out. An interesting theory, and not without its general application, for I have long believed that by the same token inside every metropolitan newspaper is a *National Enquirer* champing at the bit.

About a year ago the hostess of a morning television show in Florida committed suicide by shooting herself on the air. The *Washington Post* sent down Sally Quinn —hitherto the chronicler of receptions at the Honduran Embassy, interviewer of George Wallace's mother-in-law—to get the details ignored by the wire service accounts. Sally sent back what has since remained a classic of its kind: a long, loving description of the path of the bullet through the woman's brain, the blood splattering onto the camera lens, the contorted face, the stricken technicians. This was a stylistic departure for Sally, but instructive in what it showed about her, about the newspaper that provided her abundant columns of space, about the putrefaction that lies festering in the souls of Washington's movers and shakers.

Sally Quinn is a reporter for a supplement of the *Post* called "Style"—as opposed to substance, to be sure—and was for a time the sensationally unsuccessful co-hostperson of something called the CBS Morning News. It is said that when she was hired she admitted to the *Post*'s editor, Benjamin Bradlee, that she had never written anything before.

"Nobody's perfect," smiled Ben, who ought to know, author as he is of the recent *Conversations with Kennedy*.

This is the sort of job interview every journalism graduate dreams about, the eager novice, willing to work, plucked from obscurity to try his hand at what is usually reserved for more seasoned, experienced folk. A Lana Turner of the linotype come to life.

In her recent reminiscence of her days at CBS, *We're Going to Make You a Star* (Simon and Schuster, $7.95), Sally denies this particular version of the story, but it rings true. Her career, such as it is, has been founded on the *Post*'s predilection for missing the point of what it sends its troops to cover, for splashing the moronic and the contemptible across its ample pages as the heroes of our time. Who, after all, cares whether Henry Kissinger is a swinger, secret or otherwise? What rock star, speaking frankly into Sally's microphone between gigs, has anything to say? This is largely the complaint of a Washingtonian who must put up with it every morning jostling on the bus. But it is disheartening that she and her newspaper lust so vigorously after the second-rate, that so many newsworthy opportunities are missed—or worse, ignored—that so vacuous and uninteresting a figure as Sally should be its selling point, a force to be reckoned with in the capital of the Western world.

Nor, might I add, is the Sally syndrome a passing phenomenon. Trendiness in all its guises has crept slowly but inexorably into the surrounding pages, a temperamental virus that is not so easily shaken off. And Sally needn't worry about fading influence or lack of space. She now co-habitates with Bradlee, and as the editor settles into an undignified old age, he no doubt has the satisfaction of knowing the torch of banality has been passed, and passed with a vengeance.

My subject, however, is Sally's book, trumpeted by her publisher as a "hilarious" account of her misadventures at CBS. Hilarious it is, like a painting by a schizophrenic—crude, artless, yet matchlessly revealing.

Of course, it goes without saying that Sally can't write very well. ("The only person I met who has no fear at all is Hughes Rudd. Hughes is the most fearless person I ever met. His lack of fear... kept me going.") However, her prose has a piquant quality to it that is difficult to convey, impossible to duplicate. She can speak shamelessly of how delightful she is. She refers persistently to her Smith education while betraying no evidence of it.

She wanders off the track in many and revealing ways. One morning, leaving her apartment building, she encountered a CBS photographer at the front door. She thought he was the man who hounded Jackie Onassis in much-publicized ways a few years ago. Hysterical, Sally ran away screaming, but the wheels of the Barbie Doll mind were grinding nevertheless inside: "My mind raced to what I would wear in the courtroom when I sued Ron Galella to stay at least fifty yards away from me."

Her flat mind can but relate stories as she alone experienced them, her inane presence the axis around which events revolve. Had she stood along the Via Dolorosa we would know what she was wearing, where she ate dinner after the unpleasantness and the freshness of the thorns in Christ's crown. Men are either handsome or ugly, cities exciting or dull, jobs well-paid or ill-paid. Sally also has a peculiar inability to convey personalities, except her own, and that only by inference. Her portraits rely upon adjectives strung imaginatively together that could apply interchangeably, or to a dog. Barbara Walters is "warm, generous, loyal, dignified, humorous"; Walter Cronkite "easy, natural, unaffected, smart, gentle and funny"; Mrs. Hughes Rudd a "feisty, gutsy, bright, funny dame who doesn't mince words." Sometimes, indeed, the characteristics Sally treasures are mysterious. The movie star Warren Beatty is "bright, sensitive and serious and has a clearer understanding of his environment than most people I know in any situation." I always thought an understanding of your environment had something to do with knowing to come in out of the rain.

Sally's thesis is that she was cruelly unprepared for the task of reading news stories into a camera. Undoubtedly television news requires some skill, a facility for looking up from the warmed-over AP dispatches now and then and projecting sincerity, shock, impatience, or whatever. It is mostly a matter of show business, however, with the attendant importance of clothes, hairdo, winning smile, mastery of the difficult names of foreigners, keeping a straight face in the wake of the men and events that shape our times. Sally seems not to have been able to do this. It is her contention that CBS should not have unleashed her without some elocution lessons, without learning the minutiae of television production.

What she doesn't realize is that CBS's error of omission was more than likely her own fault. Someone who could virginally sit down at her *Post* desk and type her way to glory is naturally expected to

duplicate the feat under other circumstances.

That Sally failed so miserably, then, is explained only two ways: either television news-reading is a much more difficult craft than anyone suspected, or Sally's flair rests soundly in the lap of the *Post*'s vulgarity, and could not be adapted to the outside world. Unhesitatingly, I choose the latter. Sally, as might be expected, takes a different view; that is understandable. To make an ass of oneself in the presence of millions is doubtless an unpleasant experience, and that, together with Sally's natural emptiness of mind, led her to seize what was for her the only conceivable rationale.

She has no sense of perspective, no humor, no sense of the absurdity of her situation, no inclination to review her debacle with a measure of irony. She is instead tormented by predictable demons: jealous newspaperwomen, rapacious, sexist CBS executives, a cruel recurrence of her acne, insensitive people to the left and right of her. This is where the fun begins. Sally speaks frequently of herself as a clever, mordant observer of the passing circus. But she is primly, ferociously indignant when other clever, mordant observers train their eyes on her. O injustice! She can dish it out, as they said at Smith, but she can't take it. As an illustration of the biter bit—and if the reader is willing to indulge that view—the book is incomparable.

It is educational, too, telling us more than we ever wanted to know of Sally's personal tastes, romantic life, her scorn for sham, cowardice, hypocrisy, the military-industrial complex, women with moustaches. It is funny—unintentionally, of course—although Sally's humor is an acquired taste. Likewise, Sally's candor, while selective, is intense and wide-ranging; but it can get out of hand and be not just disarming but excruciating as well. Several pages, for instance, are devoted to a lurid description of her bout with constipation. Who among us can countenance the image that passage conjures up—Sally's toothy visage hunched over the toilet in an agony of frustration, exhorting her reluctant bowels to do their stuff? Certainly not I. Anyway, if, as Freud suggests, our physical ills are sometimes transferred in place from one part of the body to the other, this book may very well be Sally's solution to that problem.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum. So much for Sally and broadcast journalism. She left CBS, ostensibly to join the Washington bureau of the *New York Times*, until she discovered how insensitive Clifton Daniel can be. Now she is back at the *Post*, her spiritual home, the womb of inconsequence from which she strayed and to which, like the prodigal daughter, she has returned.

Excited gossip has it that she is working on a Washington novel. It should be good, perhaps as good as Tom Wicker's or Willie Morris'. The literature of self-aggrandizement is a field both broad and fertile, and even the *Post* recognizes that it cannot go on publishing Watergate sanctimony forever.

Sally Quinn, meanwhile, is regaining her land legs. She was away for awhile and things have happened, new faces have arisen, embassies have opened and closed, prostitutes, transvestites, professors of sociology, homosexuals are there to be interviewed. And Sally will be there, pencil in hand, hand on hip, hip against the street lamp of Illumination, a wad of gum stuck firmly to the roof of her mouth. □

Ben J. Wattenberg

Great American Commencement Speech

(The college commencement address, like the obituary, is a curiously neglected art-form that could be of great service to the Republic. Properly concocted, it has a rhetorical structure that admits far more than pious platitudes, and we invite you to consider its promise by reflecting on the following example. Mr. Wattenberg, Hobart College '55, delivered this address at his alma mater and its sister college, William Smith, on June 1, 1975.)

It seems like twenty years ago—in fact it was twenty years ago—that I was sitting in the middle, and not in front of this commencement tent. A full generation has passed since my own graduation from Hobart, and in the meantime the world has changed, in ways that have shaken all of our lives. American soldiers have died in faraway jungles, students have revolted, the price of gasoline has skyrocketed, and a President has resigned. Now, a great debate is forming in Washington and around the nation about what America's new role in the world ought to be. And the resolution of this great debate may well determine the way you in the Class of 1975 will live the next fifty or sixty years of your lives.

Because the roots of this debate go back to the 1950s, I thought I might begin this morning by briefly describing how my graduating class looked at its world, back in 1955. Then perhaps I think it will be useful to ask what has changed—and what hasn't changed—and what we might all do next.

* * *

The 1950s were simpler days. The colleges had a strange custom then: it was called the required course. At Hobart, one of the required courses involved a sequence of thirty credit hours of classes stretching over four semesters. It dealt with the origins and development of Western Civilization.

Our studies taught us that the essence of modern Western Civilization involved more than just the comforts of suburbia. From our readings we came to see that the heart and soul of our long Western tradition had something to do with the growth of human freedom.

We saw that the road of human liberty had not been an easy one or a steady one: progress stopped, tyrants conquered, civilizations rose and fell. Yet, somehow, Western Civilization had limped ahead on a road that seemed to lead toward further expansion of liberty. And we noted, almost as a bonus, that in Athens, in Shakespearean England, and in the modern world, creative explosions have gone hand in hand with societies that honor liberty, to the benefit of us all.

Moreover, we believed then that the United States had played, and was playing, a major role in the pursuit of human liberty both in America and abroad.

At home, we had created a remarkable society where tens of millions of immigrants had been able to stand tall and look any man in the eye—as equals They even sent their children to college If such opportunity was not available to all, well, we were working on that—the Supreme Court was on our side and the Greensboro sit-in, the Birmingham bus boycott, Selma, and freedom rides were on their way.

Around the world we made common cause with a network of allies who avowed their concern with freedom These nations—many of them partners of ours in the traditions of Western Civilization—felt their liberty threatened by forces seen to be hostile to the very notions of human liberty.

There were, after all, powerful dictatorships that had done away with freedom of speech, freedom of personal mobility, freedom of worship, freedom of the press, freedom to form political opposition. These societies, and their grim desolation of the human spirit, have since been described, as never before, in the works of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn.

Our views were subsequently shorthanded into a simple formulation: We were the good guys. And there were bad guys around. And in our view the good-

ness and badness was not measured by loyalty to any specific economic system. It did not really involve capitalism or communism or socialism. No, the measure of goodness and badness concerned freedom and the lack of it.

Of course, it wasn't that plain and good. It led to a flawed policy, as all human policies are flawed. In the course of setting up a freedom coalition, we managed to get allied with some nations that were certainly not bastions of human liberty. We also managed to ignore much of what is today called the Third World. But at the root of it all was an effort to preserve a fragile Western tradition of freedom. And by those lights, the policy was seen to be working rather well.

With that simple, and maybe simple-minded background, you might be able to understand why most of my classmates were not shocked when, half a dozen years after our graduation, John F. Kennedy delivered the rallying cry of the Cold War. President Kennedy, it has been recalled, said that America "would pay any price, bear any burden, support any friend, and oppose any foe." Of course one of the reasons we weren't shocked was that President Kennedy, unlike some politicians that followed him, had a habit of finishing sentences. That particular sentence, *in its entirety*, went like this: "We shall pay any price, bear any burden, support any friend, oppose any foe—*in order to assure the survival and the success of liberty.*"

* * *

A lot has happened since John Kennedy's voice snapped out over the snow of Washington in January 1961.

The Bay of Pigs, the Missile Crisis, Assassinations, Riots, War in Vietnam, Turbulence on Campus, Withdrawal from Vietnam, Watergate, Attica, Impeachment Proceedings, an Oil Embargo, Inflation, Recession, and Collapse in Vietnam.

With these events and conditions, there was born a new sort of American view of the world and our role in it. It is a view that is more appealing and familiar to the Class of 1975 than to the Class of 1955. It is a world-view that shapes the terms of the great debate now beginning in America.

To gain a sense of the new view, consider for a moment some of the more recent catch-phrases: "America Is Not the World's Policeman"; "Come Home America" (the refrain of George McGovern's 1972 acceptance speech); "We Must Reorder Priorities"; "The Arrogance of Power."

And consider finally that haunting recent question—"So What?" As in *So what* if the Pentagon is correct and the Soviet Union is really becoming the most powerful nation in the world? As in *So what* if Communists in Portugal, having lost an election, are taking over the non-Communist press and all the political parties? As in *So what* if the Khmer Rouge has sent 3 million souls, including women and children, the elderly and the infirm, on a forced march through the wilderness of rural Cambodia?

Thus, the debate is joined. On one hand, a quest to preserve and extend human liberty. On the other, a haunting question, after a decade of despair—*So what*? And on both sides, honorable and intelligent people searching desperately for a new global policy, a policy that will shape the lives of young Americans in years to come, a policy that says no more Vietnams but at the same time honors human freedom, a policy that can answer the question: *So what*?

* * *

So what?

A tough question.

I wish I knew the answer.

It would be simpler if I could stand here and say "If the Soviet Union becomes the most powerful military nation in the history of the world, the traditions of human liberty will be eroded all over the world..." *but I don't know for sure that that is so.*

It would be simpler if I could stand here and say that "falling dominoes in Southeast Asia have undermined America's credibility as a world power..." *but I don't know for sure that that is so either.*

But many human situations are governed by the principle of *We Don't Know What Happens Next.* That, after all, is the principle behind the industry we call "insurance." The is the principle endorsed by the heads of families concerned with their health and the well-being of their loved ones, it is the principle endorsed by an automobile owner concerned about a possible car wreck. The principle is: *we don't know what happens next—so let's buy an insurance policy and pay the insurance premium.*

So, then, the question is this: Must America continue to buy insurance—insurance in the form of power, and insurance in the form of national will—in order to assure the survival of liberty?

And the answer to that question, it seems to me, brings us to another question, a question asked at the beginning of this talk: *What has changed in the world situation from 1955 to 1975?*

Is freedom still threatened around the world?

The answer, I think, is *Probably.*

Are there still powerful nations that deny their citizens elementary rights of migration, expression, opposition?

Yes. There are no Ralph Naders in the Soviet Union. Woodward and Bernstein file stories from Washington, not Peking.

Are these unfree nations bent on expansion?

Maybe.

Are they potentially expansionist if the United States is weak?

Potentially, *Probably.*

Is power still—as it has always been—the bottom line of international relationships?

Unfortunately—*Probably.*

Are other free nations threatened by the strength of our adversaries?

Ask the Israelis.

Would it really matter to *us* if the freedom of Europeans and Israelis, and Japanese and others, were eroded?

Probably. A free American fortress in a totalitarian world is both an unlikely and unpleasant future.

Are we *sure* of any of these answers?

No.

Were we *ever* sure of these answers, even a generation ago?

No. There was always plenty of doubt and ambiguity in the hearts of most cold warriors.

Is the price of the insurance premium relatively higher than it was twenty years ago?

No. The cost, actually, is relatively less, six percent of the gross national product versus about eight percent a generation ago.

Will we keep paying the premiums?

Maybe.

* * *

And that I would suggest is the hinge of the great debate: What is the nature of the premium—and will we pay it?

Those are not easy questions: There were too many "maybes" and "possiblys" in that list of answers. Too much that is very tentative. Too much that is speculative.

But *in the real world, when the answer is "maybe," and the possible outcome is catastrophe, people have to act as if the answer is "yes." They buy insurance, they pay the premium.*

And the premium is not only the number of dollars in the defense budget, although that is very important. A defense budget of $75 billion in a nation that believes in its purposes, will provide more defense than a $150 billion budget in a nation that says "So what?"

The resolution of the great debate, then, does not really depend upon any of us allegedly smart thinkers down in Washington.

For the demographics of this country are obvious. Political power in this nation in the years to come will rest with the Class of 1975, and with your brothers and sisters.

The decision is yours, not mine.

There is an impulse, a powerful and

surely decent impulse, to say: let's solve our problems at home first, let's get people back to work, let's take care of our cities, our minorities, our elderly; let's take care of pollution and population. Let us welcome, in the nicest and best sense of the phrase, a real greening of America.

I don't underestimate the decency of that impulse. I question only the equation. It is not a question of either-or. We must have *both*—we can have a decent, humane America, *and* we can pay the premium for human freedom. In fact, we can't have *either* unless we have *both*.

What happens if Americans stop paying the premium?

Maybe nothing. Maybe nothing happens when a totalitarian power becomes the strongest military force on earth. *Maybe.*

And maybe something. Maybe we will witness the slow, almost invisible, erosion of rights, freedoms, and liberties that we have struggled to gain over centuries. Maybe all of Europe, dispirited and afraid, will come to resemble Finland, technically free, but actually a pet in a cage. Maybe, if the Class of 1975 does not respond, does not resolve to pay the premium, does not make the difficult decisions, maybe twenty years from now a commencement speaker at Hobart will be talking to another graduating class that has learned about a new phase in the story of Western Civilization—*a phase of history that notes a greening of America, notes an America that has failed to pay the premium, and features America's role as the last, big, green, fallen domino.*

In the course of making these decisions I hope your class will remember that this last generation brought forth not only Vietnam and Watergate, but also: the greatest worldwide economic boom in all history, across all continents for all races; a medical technology that has cured and prevented some of the world's crippling and fatal diseases; and an agricultural technology that has fed billions of people —not well enough, but better than ever before.

It was a generation that put people on the moon, a feat that will be remembered when Watergate, Vietnam, and recession are distant memories. It was a generation that saw the first Catholic in the White House and the first black mayors of white cities. It was a generation that heard one President say, "We will pay any price, bear any burden..."—and then heard another President, a Texan, deliver a speech that ended with the words "we shall overcome."

Above all, for all the problems, for all the mistakes, for all the miscalculations, it was a generation that has preserved, for the time being, the fragile tradition of human liberty in the Western world.

That tradition deserves to be, first, understood, and second, protected.

I hope, and I expect, that your class will do it better than mine did. □

The Public Policy

by Adam Meyerson

The Case for "Benign Neglect"

The time may have come when the issue of race could benefit from a period of "benign neglect."

—Daniel Patrick Moynihan, "Memorandum for the President," January 1970

Do you remember the uproar Mr. Moynihan inspired when these words of his were leaked to the press? It was an ironic uproar, for "benign neglect" is precisely what the noblest moralists of the day would have had us practice: we were to look upon all men as brothers, regardless of their accents or skin colors. It was an uncalled-for uproar, for Moynihan had urged benign rather than malignant neglect, and even if one disagreed with his suggestions it was unfair to excoriate his sentiments. And it was a sad uproar, for it pointed out the unfortunate state of our polity: the *New York Times*, perhaps the greatest newspaper in the English language, so distrusted our elected government that it felt obliged to "expose" a private memorandum meant only for President Nixon's eyes.

The worst part about the uproar, however, was that Moynihan had been entirely right. In 1970 the median income for black households was only 64% that of white households; no wonder many commentators felt that this was no time for neglect. But Moynihan and a few other social scientists had probed behind the statistics and isolated the proper variables—age, geography, family characteristics—and it had become clear to them that in most parts of the United States the problem of race was no longer a problem. Thus, in 1971, the income of black families outside the South, with the head of the household under 35, and with both a husband and wife present, was 93% that of their white counterparts, suggesting that the importance of race had been greatly exaggerated. This is not to say that there were no problems in black or other minority communities. Quite the contrary: at the same time that most blacks were making extraordinary economic advances (between 1959 and 1972 the proportion of black families living in poverty dropped from 48% to 29%), there was an alarming growth of welfare dependency, crime, illegitimacy, and unemployment in particular black subcultures. What Moynihan correctly pointed out was that these were problems of welfare, community, family structure, and economic institutions, not problems of race, and our obsession with race was not improving matters.

Now I submit that if in 1970 the time "may have come" for some "benign neglect," in 1975 that time has certainly come. I say this because in the intervening years the issue has been neither neglected nor treated benignly, and this has been to the detriment of both race relations and the commonweal. What, for example, is the purpose of busing for school desegregation, now that most evidence casts doubts on its usefulness in promoting educational opportunity and racial concord? The major effects of busing seem to be the destruction of neighborhoods, widespread popular resentment, and the ugly expression of latent racial hostilities, and yet the courts are imposing it with a vengeance. Better, I say, we focused our attentions on the frightening decline of *quality* in our schools, for that decline hurts all races. Better, when it comes to purely racial questions, we had some benign neglect.

I am fortified in these views by my reading of a remarkable book published this year, Thomas Sowell's *Race and Economics* (David McKay, $9.95). Sowell is a historian of economic thought at UCLA, and an earlier book of his, *Black Education: Myths and Tragedies* (David McKay, 1972), contains a chapter on Dunbar High School in Washington, D.C. which should be required reading

for all federal district court judges, because Dunbar was one of the country's finest urban high schools and Dunbar was all-black. *Race and Economics* should be required reading for anyone who is fascinated by race and ethnicity, who delights in the cultural richness which ethnic and racial diversity has contributed to American culture, and who is inspired by a vision of multiracial and multinational harmony. Sowell shares that fascination, that delight, and that vision, and by combining them with the moral and analytical perspective of economics, he brings to his subject some sorely needed wisdom.

Sowell is an economist in the true sense of the word, that of Adam Smith. He has studied the history of men and thinks it wisest not to place much trust in their benevolence, yet he appreciates how in the marketplace the public good can often emerge as an unintended consequence of self-interested pursuits. Therefore he understands that denunciations of racism and "appeals to the principles of brotherhood" may be less effective in reducing racial injustices than "the unplanned effects of mutual economic advantage." He has studied economic institutions and the extent to which they both reflect and shape cultural values. Therefore he understands how racial and ethnic differences are often the product of different economic environments. And he has studied the progress—slow, tortuous, and not without its problems, but progress nevertheless—that men have made in improving their condition, all over the world but especially in America. Therefore he understands how important it is to make comparisons over time, and how, when you do so, it turns out that almost every racial and ethnic group in America is making substantial progress. In all these ways, Sowell's analysis and his understanding suggest that racial and ethnic groups would be better served if the public discourse were less obsessed by race and ethnicity.

Consider our obsession with broadcasting and making restitution for our racial and ethnic injustices. American history has been a history of racism and prejudice, and Sowell in no way glosses this history over. Negro slavery, he points out, was accompanied by a more virulent racism in the United States than elsewhere in our hemisphere. Nearly every immigrant group in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries encountered discrimination in housing and employment; eighty years after the great wave of Irish immigration it was still common to find "Irish Need Not Apply" signs on business doors. Jews, Orientals, and blacks were often singled out for brutal racial attacks, sometimes by policemen. And in one of the great disgraces of our history, American citizens were rounded up in concentration camps, their property often confiscated without compensation, merely because they were of Japanese origin.

But, Sowell asks, what good does it do a racial or ethnic group to dwell on prior injustices? It makes much better sense, he suggests, to set about acquiring skills and education which will make it in the self-interest of others not to discriminate against you. This, he points out, is what the Japanese have been doing. Rather than expending their energies in protesting a shameful recent injustice, they have quietly worked to advance themselves, to make the most of whatever economic and intellectual opportunities are available. In the process, they have quickly earned one of the highest per capita incomes of any ethnic group, as well as the general respect of the population. By contrast, the Irish of the nineteenth century sought to counteract the harsh prejudice against them by political efforts, by violent protest, and by a vocal concern with their public image. It was not until the twentieth century, however, when the Irish ceased their own violence and slowly but surely pulled themselves up by their own bootstraps, that the enormous prejudice against them finally subsided. Toleration, Sowell notes, usually follows rather than precedes economic advancement.

Or consider the invidious comparisons between racial and ethnic groups that are sometimes made in the public discourse. Economic advancement in a competitive market economy depends chiefly on the ability to prepare for and adapt to economic opportunities, in other words, on work habits and skills. Therefore those cultures which have stressed the virtues of self-reliance, of diligence, of education, of planning for the future, have fared better in America than those cultures which have not; and some observers are tempted by such cultural differences to infer the superiority (or inferiority) of particular racial and ethnic groups. There are countless examples, for instance, of first-generation Jews who have risen from poverty to positions of great wealth and prominence; if the Jews could make it in America, some people ask, why can't the Poles, the Negroes, or the Puerto Ricans?

Sowell's response is that these groups *are* making it, though more slowly, and they are making it more slowly because the emphasis on education, the self-reliance, and the work habits which lead to advancement do not spring up automatically, but take generations to develop. It simply is not fair, Sowell asserts, to measure the progress of individuals whose grandparents were peasants in Poland, southern Italy, or the American South—where there was virtually no opportunity to develop self-reliance, and where people were often kept purposefully illiterate—by the progress, say, of Jews whose grandparents, even if they arrived in America penniless, came from a culture which had stressed the importance of learning and self-reliance for centuries. Sowell points out that West Indian immigrants have made much greater progress in America than American Negroes, even though both suffered debilitating slavery and both come from the same African heritage and genetic base. As an explanation, he suggests that the demography of the West Indies (90% black, 10% white) gave blacks there the opportunity to fill many positions unavailable to American Negroes, and thereby gave them greater opportunity and more time to develop responsible work habits and a sense of self-reliance.

Ironically, it is Sowell's appreciation of how slowly those habits develop that makes him rather optimistic about the future. At the turn of the century, the Irish were plagued by crime, alcoholism, and broken homes, not to mention a low standard of living, and nary a soul expected them to amount to anything. Yet today, the Irish are comfortably ensconced in the middle class. Sowell suggests that the condition of American Negroes is in many ways comparable to that of the Irish seventy-five years ago. Although blacks have been free for over a century, they really did not emigrate to the urban market economy in large numbers until the 1920s. And Sowell asserts that for relatively recent immigrants, the Negroes are doing quite well—especially when you isolate the proper variables. Blacks have a higher level of prosperity than Mexicans or Puerto Ricans, largely because these latter groups arrived more recently. Clearly, Sowell expects all three groups to continue developing the skills which will ensure further advances.

Civil rights leaders and the liberal press have raised no ruckus over *Race and Economics* comparable to the ruckus they raised over Moynihan's memorandum. Instead they have ignored the book and will probably continue to do so. No doubt they would dismiss Sowell's emphasis on the virtues of self-reliance as hopelessly old-fashioned. Certainly they would regard his skepticism about political action as ridiculous: are the virtues of political pressure not obvious in the establishment of affirmative action programs and racial quotas? They would fail to understand when Sowell replied that quotas are precisely what minority groups do *not* need now, for quotas discourage the kind of work habits that in the long run will prove most helpful.

But civil rights leaders and the liberal press fail to understand something much more important, and that is the idea of progress which informs the thought of men like Moynihan and Sowell. Our age is obsessed with race in part because we are obsessed with the present: when you look at neither the past nor the future, you become much more concerned about who is getting what share of the present spoils. If, however, you reflect on how people of all races and nationalities have been slowly and patiently improving their lot, then you recognize the promise of the future. To realize that future will require continued patience and much more hard work, and that is why "benign neglect" would be so benign. The mass of men, in every race and ethnic group, have so much important work to do, they shouldn't be disturbed. □

Slavery and the Simplisms of Reform

Much of the recent writing on American Negro slavery has tended to describe it from the inside, to treat the slave system as an institution that exercised a profound influence on the lives of those who lived within its limits and hence deserves analysis as an important historical phenomenon. Moreover, historians lacking any impulse to approve the slave regime have found themselves describing it as a remarkably resilient and even successful social formation. As significant as these historiographical developments may be for revealing the nature of human slavery and elucidating the variety of human institutions, they fail to account for one salient characteristic of slavery in the Western experience. The slave system has always been in some sense a "problem." True enough, modern intellectuals have tended to see virtually all human institutions as problems, as obstacles to the achievement of true freedom. No other social arrangement could supply better evidence for this modern attitude than slavery. Yet the history of slavery as a problem has its origins in the beginnings of written discourse. At the same time that it formed the lives of great numbers of human beings, it was perceived as the profoundest of social conundrums.

David Brion Davis began his analysis of this question in 1966 with the publication of *The Problem of Slavery in Western Culture*, which carried the story into the late eighteenth century. In this second offering, he examines the phenomenon in the period of the democratic revolution. The first volume swept across many centuries, yet one felt the immediacy of the problem. In treating the revolutionary age, Davis is more concrete. Although no issue brought forth a more compelling ideological commitment from those who took it up, Davis shows in considerable detail and with unerring skill that the problem of slavery provoked a variety of responses. It may not have been the central issue of the age, but it was surely of critical importance.

The book is about antislavery; supporters of the institution found little reason to view it as a problem. Davis finds the origins of antislavery in the familiar places: the religious perfectionism of such fringe sects as the Quakers, the rationalist libertarianism that descended from Locke, and the ethic of the benevolent man of feeling that later matured into romanticism. The tendency in all of these movements was reductionist, a distinct drift away from the concrete and tentative toward the abstract and absolute. None of them awakened in their followers a firm attachment to existing institutions. They were movements of opposition and slavery was only one of the evidences of social organization against which they set their full force. In time slavery came to be the major object of their attentions because it was easiest to see in that institution the deprivation of freedom that was apparent in virtually all social arrangements. Freedom could be defined only in opposition to society and hence black slavery became symbolic for the thralldom that society imposed on all men.

Davis is on the side of freedom and antislavery, though he does manifest a certain discomfort in dealing with the simplism of reform. In fact his book is an effort to explain that life is more complicated than most of the characters he treats would have dared believe.

The Problem of Slavery in the Age of Revolution 1770-1823

by David Brion Davis
Cornell University Press $17.50

"Truth," he writes, "is always framed in ambiguity;... good and evil are always colored by human ambivalence." He concedes that "history is filled with moral ironies." Yet he affirms that we are the beneficiaries of the reformers of the past who called upon the "collective conscience" and broke the "proprieties of the present." "Virtually all significant moral change springs from people who are in some sense deviant...." Davis may be no reductionist in his explanations of the origins of antislavery, but his sympathies rest with the terrible simplifications of modern reform. He invariably defines freedom as external to social order.

The major impulse toward antislavery arose from Christian messianism. Calvinism had long sought social correlations to man's sinfulness, and by the late eighteenth century Quakerism had become a vehicle for the more subversive ideas of Enlightenment reform. The Christian touched by the immediate infusion of grace or the Quaker transfixed by the inner light could assert his new liberty by championing the cause of the oppressed. And what better way could the new American nation find to effect its messianic motto, *Novus Ordo Seclorum*, than to emancipate the slaves? The Christian freed by God's grace from the burdens of the world and hence released from the obligations of subordination could scarcely support an institution whose very essence was the subjection of one man by another. The perfectionist sects saw the hierarchical arrangements of historical institutions as the antithesis of God's kingdom. As a consequence slavery assumed the burden borne by the corrupt world in sectarian thinking. It became the primary evidence of worldly corruption.

Still the consequences of Christian perfectionism were ambiguous. The messianic drive led as often to quietism as it did to aggressive reform. In the United States there proved to be no necessary connection between evangelical revivalism and antislavery. Although the revivals of the early nineteenth century greatly stimulated the American attack on the institution, the consequences for the slaves were not the same as the effect on their benefactors. Conversion of the slaves often led to Christian resignation and better slaves, not emancipation. Among slaveholders it induced a spirit of trusteeship which may have alleviated the immediate plight of the blacks but scarcely contributed to their hope for freedom. Most poignant of all, freedom for the slaves did not lead to an increase in Christian fellowship between white and black. Freed slaves were driven from their homes in the South, and in the cities they kept to themselves. Few blacks became Quakers.

The doctrines of the inner light and the individual experience of conversion had a secular analogue in the principle of self-sovereignty derived from the humanist image of man. The major ideas of the age of revolution rested on the Lockean conceptions of possessive individualism and a contractual social and political order. These seminal concepts justified the emergence of the industrial society of the nineteenth century, and the Quakers pioneered in its development. The principles that led them to oppose slavery were closely related to the attitudes that placed them at the center of the most significant processes of modernization.

This troubles Davis. The Quakers had an ingenious way of combining high principle and utility. The humanitarian ethic required the condemnation of the slightest signs of overt cruelty and was unrelenting in exposing the ways in which society masked its imperfections. The Quakers "helped to create a moral climate in which a highly ethical purpose could disguise the effects of power. Although eighteenth-century Quakers were not responsible for the consequences of a nineteenth-century free labor market—or for the consequences of British efforts to stamp out the slave trade in the heart of Africa—they unwittingly drew distinctions and boundaries which opened the way, under guise of moral rectitude, for unprecedented forms of oppression." One might question Davis' assumptions about the nineteenth-century labor market or the brutality of British imperialism; but no matter, the irony is nicely put. Quaker industrialists took a major role in dismantling the old order,

and then they became rich by organizing the human wreckage into an orderly and productive population. Davis manifests the conventional anticapitalism of modern liberals; he does not question the fundamental validity of eighteenth-century humanitarianism.

In eighteenth-century thought the nexus between the sovereign individual and an ordered society can be found in the idea of contract. Davis sees a certain level of tension between the autonomous individual and the rational order constructed on the basis of contract, which may in fact have existed. Any sort of order, even that posited on the freely made decision of the individual, is bound to impinge upon the sovereignty of the separate entities making it up. One might safely wonder, however, whether the tension does not point up the flaw in individualist thinking. The Quakers did not, as Davis seems to contend, employ sovereign individuals in their factories. They did not create an order from detached individuals who contracted for their labor. Rather they brought together people whose traditional attachments had been greatly abused but who sought to renew those formations as human beings invariably do. Contractual agreements are never pristine. They are always encrusted with legal and customary meaning. The tension was not between the individual and a rational order constituted on the basis of a volitional contract but between a traditional ordering of life and those few individuals who like the Quakers believed it possible to abstract themselves from social experience.

It should not be surprising that the same people who opposed the slave system worried about work discipline and efficiency in the factory system. Slavery was the antithesis of the self-sovereignty that should have supplied the motivating force for the new industrial society. Support for this new arrangement of life did not contradict the individualist assumptions that formed the root of modern industrialism. Had it been possible to detach human beings totally from traditional associations, no problem would have arisen in organizing the industrial system. But this was not possible, and the new order had always to combat the tendencies of past social arrangements to persist and new ones to form in patterns that proved detrimental to efficient production. Slavery possessed many of the characteristics—hierarchy, deference, coercion, wastefulness—that reformers found unacceptable in the preindustrial world.

Traditional life dissolved slowly in the age of revolution and never completely disappeared. Slavery persisted into the nineteenth century in the New World and the English abolished it in the empire only when it could no longer claim economic justification. Davis is adept at showing how the totalist ideas of the reformers suffered qualification in the face of an obdurate institution. The famous Somerset case of 1772 did less than abolish slavery in the British Isles. Reformers found it more prudent to attack the slave trade than to insist upon the immediate eradication of the system. Not until the second quarter of the nineteenth century did opposition take the highest ground. In the United States the revolutionary generation compromised on the issue of slavery. By indirection the Constitution sanctioned it in the three-fifths clause, and it took twenty years to halt the slave trade. Although the founding generation worried much over the problem, slavery advanced into the nineteenth century with a brighter future than it had possessed for more than a generation. It would be another sixty years before the reformers would have their way.

Davis relies on the ideas of Edmund S. Morgan to explain the success of the slave regime in the new nation and the failure of the Revolution to change the course of history. Morgan begins with the fundamental paradox of the American experience: for more than two centuries the nation with the broadest claims to human freedom denied that freedom to a substantial segment of its population. The answer, it seems, can be gleaned from the paradox itself. It was precisely because of the enslavement of the African that Americans believed it possible to avoid the layered, class society of Europe. Once the blacks were securely fixed on a level below all white men, it became possible to view everyone above as equal. The density of social formations in Europe created a less fertile ground for the cultivation of equalitarianism. Thus the Negro in America served as a surrogate for the historical social accretions that represented oppression to Americans. Davis does not make the point, but could it not be argued that this very paradox explains the eagerness of reformers in Britain and in America to equate the slave system with the society of prerevolutionary Europe?

Yet the failure of the revolutionary generation can be attributed to a more concrete set of historical circumstances. Davis presents Jefferson as a revealing sample. He could always sound like the most enlightened savant of his day. And

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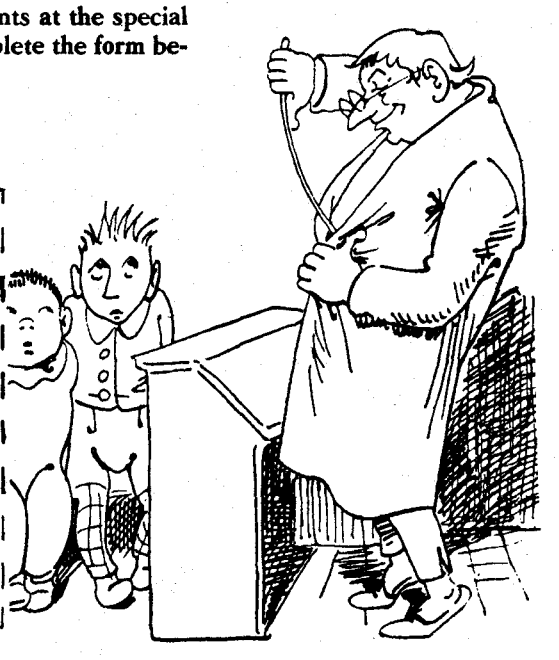

indeed he was. But he never separated his ideological proclivities from his loyalty to what Davis calls his class. Jefferson was a slaveholder who had known the subordination of the black man all his life. To exact the full logic of his Declaration would be to ask him to deny the deepest affinities of a Virginia planter. Even when he came to see faintly the desirability of ridding the country of slavery, he did not think it possible to act unless he could maintain his credibility among men of similar status. Whatever the revolutionary generation said or believed, the slave system was imbedded in American society. It would be destroyed only when the righteousness of American belief took on the sanction of fire and sword.

Slavery turned men into things and hence "symbolized the most extreme model of treating men as exploitable objects." Interpreted in this way, a threat to the slave system became a threat to the social order itself, for all social arrangements implied subordination. For man to be other than a thing required that he assume the burden of self-justifying autonomy. Any state short of that pristine condition would necessarily lend credence to what Davis calls "less visible modes of human bondage." One can sympathize with the frustrations of reformers charged with the task of obliterating human society, and one can understand the fears of those who suspected that they might succeed. Slavery imposed a terrible burden on many Africans, but it also supplied the conditions for the creation of a genuine black society. Moreover, the master-slave relationship could be based on more than force and brutality The promise of autonomy offered none of the social necessities of human existence.

Davis has done more than any other historian to explain the intellectual origins of the antislavery movement. The insight he offers into the dim recesses of reformist thought is at least in part attributable to the intensity of his own belief. □

Book Review/R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Succès de Scandale

One dark night in early spring of 1975 a desperate howl stabbed the darkness of midtown Manhattan, and for a terrifying moment brave men looked heavenward and maidens clutched their breasts. Even in the porn palaces thoughts momentarily strayed toward Jehovah's credentials as a civil libertarian. What unspeakable devilry was afoot? In an instant a howling cacophony of rejoinders went up all over the island. The ghostly wail was picked up in Scarsdale, and beyond into Connecticut. It was a dreadful night, and contrary to expectations the eerie chorus did not dissolve into the dawn. Quite the contrary: it continued and spread throughout all the literate parts of the Republic. This was not the howl of the noble wolf. No indeed, it was the primitive response of thousands of indignant devotees of Modern Art who had just gotten wind of the April issue of *Harper's*; and from this moment forward—though, truth to tell, I share many of their artistic passions—they go down in my ledger as worthy of rebuke. They have no humor.

It was the April issue of *Harper's* that carried the latest bit of lampoonery by Mr. Tom Wolfe, the Judas Iscariot of Manhattan trendies, and Wolfe's joke has now been published as a book, *The Painted Word*. The howls have risen a thousand decibels. What Wolfe said was that a world that sniggers at Popes and Presidents can also find merriment in the pretensions and misadventures of the world of Modern Art. Obviously the inhabitants of that world disagree.

In *The Painted Word* Wolfe mordantly notes the Modern Art world's pedantry, charlatanry, unwarranted elitism, and weakness for the kind of self-promotion characteristic of reform-minded district attorneys. It is a wonderfully successful joke, and what makes it even more humorous is that it is being analyzed and pondered by art critics all over the Republic as though it were a monograph of the gravest import. Not since Arthur Jensen talked about hereditary I.Q. has a furor of this magnitude arisen. Soon or late the puckish Wolfe will be the subject of one of those critical seminars endowed by the Ford Foundation and inspired by the proposition that the only way to ferret out the truth is to inter it beneath a monument of sonorous academic sophistries.

The Painted Word

by Tom Wolfe
Farrar, Straus and Giroux $5.95

Who would have expected that this cosmopolitan world of *avant-garde* artists, art critics, and antibourgeois bourgeois collectors would have so little wit about them? They have been the very first to chortle at the pieties and fatuities of America. In fact some of them have been among the most energetic iconoclasts in the land, and hardly a cranny of American experience has been able to claim sanctuary from their ribald genius. Now Wolfe has laid the joke on them, and not only have they lost their old brag and bounce but in their learned rejoinders one notes a neurotic fussiness. He is in error about the birth of modern art, the critics contend. He missed the conceptual nuances of "flatness." He has hopelessly confused the theories of art critics Harold Rosenberg and Clement Greenberg. Poor Wolfe; he is lost at sea in the complicated world of art scholarship and art theory.

This is the gravamen at the center of their howl, and it is in this complaint that they reveal themselves not only to be humorless but to be humorless donkeys For it is precisely this matter of emphasizing theory over beauty that induced Wolfe to write his book. Is Wolfe lost at sea? The fussy declamations now resounding through the Republic are amusing testimonials to his sense of direction. Oh, of course, the critics say, there was a speck of sham involved in those esoteric theories of the 1960s, there was a little hokum in the experimental art forms that kept popping up at the Museum of Modern Art; but Wolfe is too extravagant, too glib. What is needed is erudition and calm analysis. Hogwash!

Careful analysis, a sober marshalling of the facts: that is one way of setting things aright. But, as William Nolte has said, "It's not the simple truth that sets men free or even causes them to think, but rather the Truth apparalled in shocking garments and blown up to epic size." In *The Painted Word* the shocking garments are all about, the frauds are blown up to Wagnerian proportions, and from the cacophony of howls from Culturati, Inc. one gets the impression that the charlatans are becoming edgy. Quite possibly Modern Art may soon be set free from their moonshine.

I approve of such patriotic toil. I applaud it and roar for more. If, as Hilton Kramer alleges, Wolfe is sounding the call for a revival of philistinism I shall remain vigilant. But the fine quality of serious art has always had a way of enduring I have no doubt that it will today endure the philistines, for the philistine threat from outside the world of Modern Art is unlikely to be as dangerous to it as the subversion from within that threatened during the late, lamented, 1960s. □

The Talkies

by Robert Asahina

Farewell, My Lovely

Although the lonesome cowboy has been for some time an object of derision or nostalgia or parody (or even self-parody, as with John Wayne), the hardboiled detective has remained a peculiarly evocative screen figure for successive generations of movie audiences since the 1940s. In many respects, of course, the private eye is merely an updated version of his Western counterpart. Substitute a .38 police special for a Colt .45 and a slouch hat and trenchcoat for a Stetson and buckskins, and Humphrey Bogart might be playing much the same character as John Wayne. But the crucial difference between the two lies precisely in the updating: The private eye is the archetypal *modern* figure, the antihero lost in the wasteland of the big city; and the transformation of character from the rugged individualist facing the Opening of the West to the alienated outsider in the underworld of crime helps to explain the attraction which movie audiences have felt for the hardboiled detective. The fundamental premise of the private-eye movie was, and is, the very same cynicism which proved to be the undoing of the old Hollywood Western: The larger-than-life virtues which had made the cowboy ride so tall in the saddle were eventually scorned as mere Hollywood trappings; but audiences too cynical to accept white-hatted heroes were all too ready to respond to trenchcoated antiheroes.

However, the private-eye movie is not free from its own kind of romantic foolishness. A couple of years ago, Robert Altman made a movie of Raymond Chandler's novel *The Long Goodbye*, starring Elliott Gould as Philip Marlowe, the detective character that Bogart had made famous thirty years ago in *The Big Sleep*. To judge from the hostile reaction of audiences and critics, many people were upset by Altman's deft parody of the conventions of the private-eye movie. Gould's portrayal of Marlowe, particularly, was seen as a betrayal by those fans who had elevated Bogart's Marlowe into a veritable icon of popular culture. But what those outraged audiences missed, or blinded themselves to, was precisely what Altman had recognized: that the hardboiled detective was just as much a Hollywood fake as the lonesome cowboy; that his tarnished cynical armor was just so much tinsel, especially since it covered that same old Hollywood heart of gold.

The cowboy may have been a child's idea of a hero, but the private eye, as Pauline Kael has noted, was surely an adolescent's idea of an antihero; and Hollywood had proved adept at catering to the audience's need for a fantasy figure at either level: a strong silent type who could ward off Indian attacks, or a cynical outsider who could plumb the murky depths of the underworld but still maintain, in spite of his alienation, a personal—and romantic—code of honor. To show just how sentimental a character Marlowe really was, Altman set *The Long Goodbye* in the 1970s, where whatever virtues the private eye possessed seemed anachronistic and foolish—as they had been all along, anyway. As if in reaction to that film, the latest adaptation of yet another Raymond Chandler novel, *Farewell, My Lovely*, is deliberately staged back in the 1940s—complete with well-preserved autos, period clothing and hairdos, and throwaway remarks about DiMaggio, Hitler, and Eleanor Roosevelt. The idea obviously is to evoke the feeling of the 1940s, and especially the feeling of the movies of that decade—as if the reawakened sentiments of the audience could breathe new life into the tired conventions of the private-eye movie.

Whatever the intent, *Farewell, My Lovely* shows just how flabby the hardboiled detective has become in thirty years. For example, the latest movie Marlowe (Robert Mitchum) gets the inspiration to continue his investigation from a young black boy (significantly, a character not found in the original Chandler novel) whose father was murdered—a piece of Hollywood sentimentality that even audiences of an earlier era would have derided. Likewise, Marlowe's loyal friend (another character not found in the novel) turns out to be a newsboy—not a cripple, fortunately, but something almost as hackneyed: a has-been prizefighter. Worse yet is the casting of Charlotte Rampling as the female lead—a deliberate and bungling attempt to exploit her physical resemblance to Lauren Bacall, who had played opposite Bogart in *The Big Sleep*. The only purpose these clumsy contrivances serve is to evoke a phony nostalgia; but like the old cars, they are just empty mechanisms.

What nearly saves *Farewell, My Lovely* from all these contrivances is the casting of Robert Mitchum as Marlowe. At first, Mitchum would seem to be entirely wrong for the role. For one thing, he's simply too old: What used to be his chest is now barely contained by his belt, and the deep lines in his face terminate in the jowly pouch that used to be his neck. Twenty or even ten years ago Mitchum would have been fit to play this tough-guy role with contemptuous ease. But at the age of 58, he would seem to be as unsuited to play Philip Marlowe as John Wayne is to play the marshal in yet another Western.

But Mitchum does not indulge in the pathetic self-parody that Wayne and other old Western stars have in recent years. Mitchum has never been a great actor, but he always has been a powerful one, bringing an immense physical presence to the screen: The insolent dangling cigarette, the casual slouch, and the heavy, hooded eyelids are his trademarks that suggest vast animal power kept smoldering under his surface. And when Mitchum begins the movie with the words, "It was this past spring that I finally realized I was getting tired, and growing old," we realize why he can succeed in the role: Mitchum himself, like Marlowe and like the entire private-eye genre, has become an anachronism; and it is our shared recognition of his seeming inappropriateness for the role that gives Mitchum the ironic edge to cut through the self-conscious treacle of the rest of the production.

Hollywood heroes, and antiheroes, have contributed significantly to the national idiom; and the movies have played a much larger part in the shared fantasy life of supposedly sophisticated audiences than they are willing to admit to themselves. The antiheroes of our adolescence are perhaps more difficult to give up than the heroes of our childhood, but the artificial perpetuation of artificial myths serves no one but those who profit from the marketing of phony nostalgia. *Farewell, My Lovely* therefore seems like a desperate rearguard action to save the private-eye movie from parody and, ultimately, derision; unfortunately, it succeeds only as a sagging tribute to a tired cinematic genre, propped up by a sagging, but still powerful, actor. The title itself is an unintentionally ironic farewell to Mitchum-as-tough-guy, to the movie Marlowe and all his faded cinematic glory, to the novels of Raymond Chandler, and to the private-eye film. Phony nostalgia only cheapens their memory; and the time has come when the hardboiled detective should follow the lonesome cowboy into a cinematic sunset. □

This Book Must Have a Stop

When I was young and easy under the apple boughs, to borrow a phrase from a boozy poet, no longer, alas, whinnying with us, I believed that one was duty-bound to read books from beginning to end, pausing only for food, sleep, and baseball. Although I became more and more selective in my choice of books, this madness ran on into my early twenties. Such folly is probably harmless in one's youth, but it would be unforgivable in an adult—evidence of arrested development. Now when a book begins to pall and makes me fidget and pull my ear, I take revenge by quietly setting it on the shelf for immediate return to the library or for donation to the Salvation Army. In such matters taste—that is to say, prejudice—plays the lead role. Many of these failed books have doubtless brought pleasure and even knowledge to other readers (or else the reviewers quoted on the dust-jackets are more incompetent and bigger liars than one might ordinarily assume them to be), and some of them may be masterpieces. Moreover, it is only natural to assume that I have rejected books for no better reason than that they caught me, or I them, in the wrong frame of mind—or at a time when my liver happened to be in a foul mood, or when remembrance of past sins made me despair of eternal bliss. I confess further that I begin far more books than I finish, and use the confession as testament to my good taste. Then there are those volumes that can be got through only by taking a number of "breathers" along the way, stopping now and again to read some other and more rewarding tome.

All this by way of introduction to a few words about my off-again on-again affair with Sybille Bedford's "life" of Aldous Huxley. By the time I got through it—and the four or five other books which occupied me along the way—a number of reviews had passed across my reading table. Is this biography "unquestionably a work of art" and a "superb biography," as the bookman for *Atlantic* insisted it is? The answer is No. If you doubt my word then I refer you to the *Harper's* critic who informed us, in unblushing understatement, that the book is "not one of the great efforts of literary biography.... No attempt is made to distill, cohere, or judge the life of her subject, and one is often shocked by her carelessness of style and organization of facts —defects that make so much of her work read like notes for a biography." George Steiner began his review in the *New Yorker* by objecting to the plethora of gossip and trivia found in many recent biographies (of Henry James, Lytton Strachey, and Faulkner, for example), and then delivered himself of a number of acerb reservations concerning the Huxley canon before concluding with this harsh judgment: "The literal dimensions of this book further diminish its object. Largesse betrays. A smaller biography would have left a greater man." I seriously doubt that the greatness of a man is dependent upon his biographers, but I sympathize with Mr. Steiner's view.

Quite frankly, I found Mrs. Bedford's biography a chore to get through, and more than once decided it wasn't worth the trouble. To begin with, fully two-thirds of this massive book is direct quotation. And much of that is from letters and notes of Maria Nys, Huxley's first wife, who was certainly a devoted helpmate, a thoroughly good, kind, and generous woman. But happy marriages, as Tolstoy implied when he said that they were all alike, are of little interest to anyone outside the family.

Aldous Huxley

by Sybille Bedford
Knopf $15

Most great writers (or artists of any kind) have an element of the monstrous in their makeup; normally they are extreme egotists and more than a little careless with the common decencies. Fascinating to observe—from a safe distance and with one's money and womenfolk locked safely in the cellar—they are too much concerned with Self to be easy companions, and if not always immoral, they are frequently contemptuous of the prevailing morality in their time and place. That may be one reason we are drawn to their biographies. Not so to Huxley's. If we can believe Mrs. Bedford (and I think we must), he was one of the nicest and most considerate men who ever wrote a book or had an original thought. And that fact may be used as partial explanation of the biographer's failure to make this "life" an interesting book.

Only in his promiscuity, practiced intermittently over the years, did Huxley seem wayward. (He and his friend Bertrand Russell were similar in their attitude toward sexual matters.) Knowing that he enjoyed female distraction, and that the brief encounters amounted to no more than that, Maria aided and abetted the liaisons since, as she put it, "You can't leave it to Aldous, he'd make a muddle." He certainly was no Casanova, forever falling in love and thereby confusing physical desire for emotional attachment. "It might be a fluffy blonde," Mrs. Bedford tells us, "just as soon as someone middle-aged and amusing. What Aldous offered, apart from the essential thing that he *liked* making love *and* made no bones about it, was friendliness, good humour, a measure of affection. What he did not offer was courtship. He would have grudged the *time*."

Born into one of England's great intellectual families, Huxley was from the beginning filled with a consuming curiosity about the visible world, and would probably have become a scientist except for the strange (its precise nature is unknown) eye infection which he suffered at the age of 16 and which left him totally blind for several months. He immediately set to work learning braille, and during that dark period he taught himself to play the piano. Although he regained partial vision in one eye, he had to work always under a handicap that makes his encyclopedic accumulation of knowledge seem almost fabulous. It was during the period when he was reading braille that he developed his phenomenal memory; also during that period he wrote his first novel of about eighty thousand words, which was subsequently lost. He published in all 47 books, many of them requiring extensive research, a fact that boggles the mind. His brother Julian marveled at this prodigy in his *Memories*: "How Aldous managed to absorb (and still more to digest) the colossal amount of facts and ideas which furnished his mind remains a mystery.... Maria devotedly read to him for hours at a time; and with his one good eye, he managed to skim through learned journals, popular articles and books of every kind. He was apparently able to take them in at a glance, and what is more, to remember their essential content. His intellectual memory was phenomenal, doubtless trained by a tenacious will to surmount the original horror of threatened blindness...."

Sprinkled throughout this biography are several amusing anecdotes—concerning Huxley's friendship with D.H. and Freida Lawrence, an encounter with Thomas Mann and a group of his worshipful admirers, the travels throughout the world, and so on. There is a letter from Huxley, written in 1957 (on pages 613-614), on the earthy character of Freida that all Lawrence scholars and/or admirers should know. Although we are told too little about Huxley's attitudes towards his fellow writers, what we are told is unfailingly interesting. I was especially delighted by a story Huxley tells of dining with James Joyce in Paris and listening to the latter's comments on the meaning of the word Odysseus, that is, its derivation. Joyce's discourse on the etymology of the word, totally unrelated to anything we might call realistic, struck Huxley as just the sort of thing one might have expected to hear from Albertus Magnus in the thirteenth century. While respecting one's love for words, Huxley insisted that "one has to realize the limitations of words," and then described

Joyce's greatest limitation as an artist, in two sentences that seem to me apodictic: "Joyce—seemed to think that words were omnipotent. They are *not* omnipotent."

Huxley's final years were devoted in large part to alerting his fellows to the ecological and demographic crisis in which we are now fully immersed. Though pessimistic (or, rather, realistic) concerning the future of our civilization, he never ceased exhorting man to become adult. Thirty years ago he saw that the greatest evils of our time have to do with overconsumption. "Ignorance, militarism and breeding, these three—and the greatest of these is breeding." He saw, moreover, as only the foresighted few did see, that the Second World War, far from extinguishing evil forces in the world, could only lead to further and greater evils. It could, in effect, only hasten the collapse of the civilization it ostensibly sought to protect.

When writing about Huxley, critics are naturally wont to assess his oeuvre, to set it against that of other literary whales of the age—Proust, Gide, Mann, Conrad, Lawrence, Joyce, Faulkner, et al. The general view that he wrote too much strikes me as being somewhat vapid since the same thing can be said about nearly all of his peers as well as his superiors. Cyril Connolly put his finger on Huxley's greatest weakness when he wrote, some forty years ago, that "Huxley was hampered by his inability to create character or see a character except in an intellectual way." Moreover, he never gave us, for whatever reasons, any single great novel —nothing so outstanding, for example, as Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*. Still, in all his books there is ample evidence of an extremely civilized and brilliant mind at work. □

Book Review/Joseph Adelson

The Brood of Permissiveness

An old friend of mine said of this splendid book, ironically, that it should have been written twenty-five years earlier, before she began raising her family. "Where was Midge Decter when I needed her?" Her irony is, in part, a way of recognizing that a quarter of a century ago we would not have understood ourselves ever to be in such need. We were a generation of parents possessed by an insouciant self-confidence—it was later to seem hubris—about our ability to rear children not merely well, but perfectly. We could redeem all the errors of the past, the very errors practiced upon us, given purity of intention, correct technique, and an intense belief in human perfectibility. Note that this complex of attitudes was later to generate the social reform movements of the late 1960s; one might say that our generation's first collective venture in social engineering was undertaken in the home. And like most other enterprises of the Great Society, its vainglory destined it for certain failure.

That something had gone terribly wrong became evident in the early years of the sixties, when the children of the postwar years first entered adolescence, and began to appear in our clinics. Psychotherapeutic work can sometimes serve as a distant early warning signal, and the alert clinician could sense that something new and troubling was abroad in American life. Among the youngsters of the educated class, one began to discern a certain diffuseness, a slackening of energy, a loss of purpose and thrust; or one saw its apparent opposite, an alarming absence of constraint, a readiness to plunge headlong into drugs, delinquency, promiscuous sex, kinky sex, and all other conceivable forms of recklessness. Soon there were disturbing portents not merely in the consulting room but much closer to home, as one was asked to be counselor and consoler of friends, neighbors, and colleagues about their errant teenaged children. Ultimately one did not have to rely only on rumor, impression, and inference, as the grim data began to come in: an astonishing jump of 250% in the suicide rate among adolescents; skyrocketing increases—a doubling, quadrupling, sextupling—in psychiatric hospitalizations of the young.

In a more sober era, these events might have evoked a literature of lamentation and anxiety. To some degree they did, but they also released a more widely dispersed literature of antic celebration. The young were to be the source of our salvation. They were to show us the way to world peace, inner harmony, advanced consciousness, a political millennium, what have you. It is hard to imagine a body of writing more egregious, more foolishly mistaken; yet perhaps not so foolish after all, for as Miss Decter points out, these pandering sentiments were a way for ambitious men and women to achieve power and worldly success. New reputations were made, flagging ones sustained, all by the propagation of lies and illusions.

Liberal Parents, Radical Children

by Midge Decter
Coward, McCann and Geoghegan
$7.95

This intellectual sludge now has its solvent in *Liberal Parents, Radical Children*. It opens with a chapter of fierce, concentrated energy and breathtaking power—"A Letter to the Young"—addressed not only to the young, but to their parents as well, and indeed to the numberless captives of the liberal ethos. This chapter states themes which the rest of the book will illuminate: the difficulty the children of the New Class have in withstanding frustration; their immense self-regard; their tendencies to define themselves solely vis-a-vis their parents; above all, the failure of those parents to offer moral authority confidently. "We allowed you a charade of trivial freedoms in order to avoid making those impositions on you that are in the end both the training ground and proving ground for true independence. We pronounced you strong when you were still weak in order to avoid the struggles with you that would have fed your true strengths. We proclaimed you sound when you were foolish in order to avoid taking part in the long, slow, slogging effort that is the only route to genuine maturity of mind and feeling. Thus, it was no small anomaly of your growing up that while you were the most indulged generation, you were also in many ways the most abandoned to your own meager devices by those into whose safekeeping you had been given."

That bravura opening chapter then leads us to the major business of the book —the exposition of representative life histories. There are four such studies, entitled "The Dropout," "The Pothead," "The Sexual Revolutionist," and "The Communard." Here the author proves herself to be the master of the genre which—unless I am mistaken—she herself invented several years ago in her exquisite essay "The Liberated Woman." These portraits capture brilliantly the erratic, seemingly accidental divagations of young lives proceeding toward outcomes we later understand to have been deeply determined. There have been some critical complaints about these case studies, being "fictionalized," are therefore not "real"—a view I find absurdly literalistic; and there has been the further suggestion that Miss Decter was tendentiously arranged her narratives so as to suit her thesis. As a day in and day out reader and writer of all too "real" case histories, let me speak strongly to the

contrary. I found these studies compellingly "real"—that is, lifelike—in that they evoke, hauntingly, many actual lives I have known; indeed it struck me that these narratives are far more "real" than most clinical case studies, for the subject is seen not merely from his own perspective but at sufficient distance to lend balance and verisimilitude. In particular, interactions between parents and children are caught beautifully.

As to tendentiousness, the author could easily have made a better case for her thesis simply by choosing more melodramatic examples—let us say a suicide, a psychotic, a derelict, a fire-bomber. But she has had the tact and restraint to avoid easy targets. Nothing genuinely traumatic overcomes these youngsters. It is all whimper and no bang. And here again it is "real," in that these children perceive, quite accurately, that they can count upon a benign, protective social system and—above all—upon infinitely forgiving parents to spare them the worst.

From a psychologist's standpoint, what is extremely interesting about this book is its uncanny congruence with important yet largely unknown findings in clinical and child research. There is now good evidence that overindulgent, tacitly neglectful, "permissive" parents are as much (or more) a menace to the child's sound development as is the overly restrictive, "authoritarian" family. It has taken some time for this to become plain, partly because of conceptual confusions (ideologically inspired, I would say) which did not adequately distinguish between "authoritarian" and "authoritative" family climates and which, similarly, confounded "democratic" and "permissive" child-rearing styles. A clarification of these confusions has been accomplished in a series of excellent studies and theoretical papers by Diana Baumrind at Berkeley. Observing parent-child interchanges in homes, she could differentiate three general patterns: authoritarian, where parental power is exercised harshly and arbitrarily; permissive, marked by fitfulness, ambivalence, and inconsistency; and authoritative, where discipline is guided by firmly held values and a good deal of warmth between parents and child. The authoritative milieu is most likely to produce children who are self-reliant morally. "Within American society," Baumrind writes, "families who maintain a strong belief system and a traditional family structure seem best able to shield their youth from drug use and anomie," and she goes on to paraphrase another study, by Jeanne Block, which "suggests that parents of alienated students are over-involved with their children." One might adduce dozens of other findings to this effect, together with the mounting evidence from clinical work with the affluent young, pointing to the damaging influence of a parental permissiveness which, all too often, conceals that deadly self-absorption which marks so many upper-middle-class lives.

Midge Decter has now emerged as the most perceptive critic of this class, of its deceits, fictions, and vanities. She brings to her work great courage and a sharp eye for the follies of our time; but what makes her writing unique is its (often) unspoken understanding of how general ideas become concrete, in deeds and postures and attitudes, and so transform our lives. In this respect, she is very much like George Orwell—an intellectual very much at home in the palpable. It is that, I think, which gives her work its power; it is too real, too close for comfort. □

Book Review/Joyce Goldberg

Two Views of Human Bondage

...Alice laughed.

"There's no use trying," she said; "One can't believe impossible things."

"I daresay you haven't had much practice," said the Queen.

Americans have had plenty of practice believing impossible things about slavery. Sometimes this has resulted from white liberal feelings of *mea culpa*, sometimes from attempts to foster cultural pride in a black heritage, or to defend American and particularly Southern history. *Roll, Jordan, Roll* by Eugene D. Genovese and *Time on the Cross* by Robert William Fogel and Stanley L. Engerman sometimes support and sometimes contradict each other, but they both offer new ways of looking at slavery. Only one takes us from the impossible to the possible.

The 665-page tome by Genovese, in preparation since 1962, maintains that slavery "laid the foundations for a separate black national culture" because even the lowest social class must have experiences, cultural identity, a world outlook which overshadows immediate material necessities. But Genovese insists that this separate black national culture "has always been American, however much it has drawn on African origins or reflected the distinct development of black people in America." This book, then, is not just another study of the peculiar institution but an examination of Southern society reflected in the institution of slavery. Surprisingly for Genovese, who was once so Marxist in his outlook, slavery is not solely an economic relationship. He sees it as a life, or an attitude toward life,

Roll, Jordan, Roll:
The World the Slaves Made

by Eugene D. Genovese
Pantheon Books $17.50

Time on the Cross:
The Economics
of American Negro Slavery

by Robert William Fogel
and Stanley L. Engerman
Little, Brown and Company
Volume I, $8.95
Volume II (Evidence and Methods)
$12.50

which "made an indispensable contribution to the development of black culture and black national consciousness as well as to American nationality as a whole." Slavery, he correctly writes, can have no defense. It was one of history's greatest crimes, and the struggle of blacks to survive physically and spiritually illustrates the "beauty and power of the human spirit under conditions of extreme oppression." In demonstrating how slaves made a livable world for themselves, Genovese also has found that the South was as much "the world the slaves made" as slavery was an institution molded by the South. Whether from expediency, self-interest, or humanitarianism, slaveholders accepted "much of their slaves' culture and sensibility while imparting to their slaves much of their own."

Genovese describes master-slave relations in terms of the cultural hegemony of the ruling class. The slavery of the South was a "historically unique kind of paternalistic society" in which whites and blacks were linked by duties, obligations, demands, expectations, rights. Genovese offers an analogy for slavery: a quasi-feudal relation between lord and serf, king and noble, based on mutual dependency. It was "the land-oriented world of medieval Europe" which produced "the traditional paternalist ideology to which the southern slaveholders fell heir."

The system which developed could be despotic or benevolent, tyrannical or humane. "It grew out of the necessity to discipline and morally justify a system of exploitation. It did encourage kindness and affection but it simultaneously en-

couraged cruelty and hatred." It was paternalism, not slavery, which blacks and whites accepted, rationalizing servitude as payment for material provisions and social control. At best, paternalism exacted recognition of the slaves' humanity. Believing that the care of slaves was "a burden and a duty," masters saw themselves as authoritarian fathers. In return for protection for dependents they expected gratitude, loyalty, respect, service. For whites it led to a self-conscious ruling class with exaggerated notions of responsibilities, perpetuating an ideology protective of its own interests.

The slaves' view of paternalism was not always compatible with that of slaveholders. By complying with their work obligation, slaves seized the privileges they were granted and turned them into rights because they believed their labor deserved service and respect. They expected material well-being, reasonable discipline, and enough autonomy to maintain cultural independence. Partly by internalizing and partly by modifying the paternalism practiced by whites, Genovese claims the slaves accepted the system but preserved their dignity, asserted their humanity, rejected slavery.

The slaves' most important defense, as the author writes, was "a religion that taught them to live and value each other, to take a critical view of their masters, and to reject the ideological rationales for their own enslavement." If slaves accepted their masters' Christianity, they shaped it to their sociological and spiritual needs. Their religion developed into a way for explaining and ordering, as well as judging, the world. As Christianity emphasizes spiritual freedom and equality before God, the slaves' religion set limits to rendering unto Caesar that which was Caesar's, giving the slaves "an awareness of the moral limits of submission" and preventing their conversion into a race of Sambos and Toms. Missing from their religion was the sense of guilt, sense of mission, and original sin that haunted white Christianity. Rather, the slaves celebrated a traditional African joy of life in the face of trials. They retained African customs through the rhetorical flourishes of black preachers, the rhythms of spirituals, the rituals of funerals and weddings. All these were sources of strength, of collective identity and pride.

A second defense against slavery was the black community itself. Genovese rightly illustrates the stability of the family as well as the system of community values and cultural autonomy which persisted under slavery. He dismisses myths of slave promiscuity and emphasizes Victorian moral codes, concluding that slaves treated one another with "tenderness, gentleness, charm, and modesty." He argues that slaves were more just, moral, dignified, and courteous in behavior than were their masters. He even claims "the finest, if rudest, examples of the southern lady and gentleman were to be found in the quarters even more readily than in the Big House." The result was a full black community, of living traditions, customs, and a people who appreciated them. Genovese provides a full analysis of personality types: masters and mistresses who became dependent on their servants, and shared familial intimacies; house servants who were "integrationalists" of plantation society, transmitting black traditions to the Big House and carrying white culture back to the quarters; overseers and drivers who often ran the plantation in absence of the master, and who as "the man between" tried to mediate between master and slave to keep order as humanely as possible; the Mammy who served as executive, cook, nurse, and housekeeper of the Big House.

"Day-to-day resistance" was a third defense against the docility which slavery might have fostered. Genovese sees stealing, lying, malingering, sabotage, running away, arson, even abortion as "pre-political" and nonrevolutionary yet indispensable to establish limits to degradation and submission. Theft generated its own moral code: "They stole from each other but merely took from the master," because that "only transformed his property from one form to another."

Genovese's major point in the book, that slaves accepted paternalism while rejecting accommodation to slavery, is essentially believable. It makes general sense. But at times it is difficult to distinguish accommodation from acquiesence—how resistance can be defensive. Was not the price of even the ideal type of paternalism a capitulation to servitude? Was slavery anything less than slavery? Do not the small number of slave uprisings show that freedom could sometimes be forestalled by benevolence? Genovese skillfully explains the slaves' acquiescence but he does not convince the reader that accepting what could not be avoided was the only rational course. He states that as a people blacks preferred to live, not to die heroically. The author provides no answer to why freedom was less precious than life in bondage. Was the price of benevolence worth the cost then and later? To the reader's dismay Genovese equivocates on this moral question. The reader cannot accept his argument as the last word. But his analysis is brilliant if verbose, creative if ponderous. *Roll, Jordan, Roll* offers an original, provocative, and possible picture of the world the slaves made.

Like Genovese, Robert William Fogel and Stanley L. Engerman in *Time on the Cross* strive to reveal "the record of black achievement under adversity." They claim to refute the notion that "blacks were the pitiful victims of a system of slavery so repressive that it undermined their sense of family, their desire for

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achievement, their propensity for industry, their independence of judgment, and their capacity for self-reliance." A serious attempt to apply "cliometrics"—quantitative methodology—to the economics of slavery, the book suggests that the traditional interpretation of slavery has been in error on many counts: 1.) Slavery was not irrationally kept in existence by plantation owners who ignored their economic interests. Purchasing slaves was highly profitable in terms of return on investment. 2.) Slavery was not moribund by the time of the Civil War. As an economic system it was experiencing unprecedented prosperity. 3.) Slaveowners were not pessimistic about the future of slavery. They anticipated even greater prosperity. 4.) Slave agriculture was not inefficient compared with free agriculture. Effective management made slave agriculture 35 percent more efficient than Northern farming. 5.) The typical slave fieldhand was not lazy, inept, or unproductive. He was harder working and more efficient than white farm workers. 6.) Slaves in industry were as productive and diligent as free workers. The demand for slaves in urban areas was increasing faster than their demand in rural areas. 7.) Slave breeding, sexual exploitation, and promiscuity did not destroy the slave family. Planters recognized it was in their economic interest to encourage the stability of the nuclear family. Slave sales were usually of whole families. 8.) Material conditions of slave life compared favorably with those of free industrial workers. 9.) The rate of expropriation of slave earnings was lower than generally assumed. The typical slave received about ninety percent of the income he produced in the course of his lifetime. 10.) The per capita income of the South between 1840 and 1869 increased more rapidly than that of the rest of the nation.

Suggesting an alternate view of slavery to the traditional inference of oppressiveness and brutality, the authors hope to disprove the "myth of black incompetence," of slavery as irrational and unproductive. Unhappily the subtitle of the book, *The Economics of American Negro Slavery*, suggests more limited treatment of the subject than the reader will encounter. *Time on the Cross* is as much concerned with the social and psychological nature of slavery as with its economics. Can quantitative methods lead to generalizations about the quality of life and existence? Can the number of slaves bought and sold, of families broken up by sales, the average age of black women at birth of their first child—can such figures tell us much about sex mores, the stability of the black family, dominance of male authority, social ties between races, what it meant to be a slave? Can quantitative data reveal life as it was for the slave more than literary evidence, which indicates a less agreeable picture? However precise, rigorous, scrupulous, or skillful the behavior patterns shown in figures or graphs or tables, they cannot supply answers to broader questions. Gertrude Himmelfarb in a recent essay ("The 'New History'," *Commentary*, January 1975) explains that "a mechanistic approach to history implies a mechanistic view of man." *Time on the Cross*, she notes, has "a religious, at the very least a moral, dimension that defies measurement, however subtle or sophisticated the tools of measurement.... What is at issue, and what is conveyed by the title, is the impact of slavery upon the slaves themselves and upon the entire society. Here no amount of statistical ingenuity will suffice. Here the historian must call upon every resource available to him, whether or not it can be fed into a computer."

Fogel and Engerman, one must say, have created a world in which neither slave nor slaveholder could have existed. The authors have invented a model in which slave behavior uniformly responded to uniform planter-sponsored stimuli. The authors make assumptions about motives and intentions of slaveowners solely on the basis of numbers. Their is no discussion of the slave community or black culture. Fogel and Engerman apply quantitative methods to ideas, perceptions, intentions, motives which cannot be measured.

Time on the Cross, whatever its importance as scientific and economic history, is poor social history, misleading in its analysis of slave behavior. Discounted by the authors is forcible exploitation which masters could apply whenever more peaceable inducements were unsuccessful—the wielding of absolute power which ultimately degraded both master and slave. According to their model, neither slave nor owner had freedom to exercise choices as producers or consumers. Slaveowners were purely economic people whose actions were rewarded or punished by the market. Not only do the authors reject theories of slave docility, but they have created the notion that it was almost inappropriate for blacks to have resisted such beneficent treatment. Slaves learned only to respond to the economic considerations from which they gained money, privileges, leisure, or occupational advancement. Rather than Sambo, the slave became a black Horatio Alger. Unlike Genovese, the authors infer that slaves only learned and imitated their masters or conformed to the planters' incentives. Ignored are slave culture and community, interaction between slave and master, what planters internalized from their slaves, how slaves responded to each other. There is no indication that actions or attitudes of slaves changed; they remain constant from 1619 to 1865. The authors claim that the typical slave was not poorly fed because caloric intake in 1860 was about ten percent greater than that of the entire American populace in 1879. But how did slave diets vary among regions and over time? Were rations ever cut? With regard to clothing, Fogel and Engerman insist that slaves were well clad and dismiss accounts to the contrary as abolitionist propaganda. But clothing, like food, depended on the master, and both master and slave were subject to the market.

The reader can question each issue discussed by the authors in their attempt to correct the traditional characterizations of slavery. Because their data base is narrow, because they fail to consider contrary statistical evidence, because the literary evidence is often overwhelmingly in opposition, their suppositions can be considered questionable. Herbert Gutman already has written a massive adverse review of *Time on the Cross* for the *Journal of Negro History* (now published as a book, *Slavery and the Numbers Game*, University of Illinois Press). From discussion of the physical standard of living, exploitation and expropriation, sex and the family, the system's "rationality," to discussion of abolitionists, he and other critics have raised the most basic questions about *Time on the Cross*.

Fogel and Engerman are, in a word, dogmatists. They believe there is an absolute truth to past social realities, that it can be determined most precisely by the "new economic historians," and that once discovered this new truth will replace old myths perpetuated by crudely trained historians who have not recognized "the role of mathematics and statistics in historical analysis." One may admire the authors' efforts, even their interdisciplinary approach which tries hard to be novel. But they cloak debatable historical points in a veil of mathematical certainty. And like Alice in *Through the Looking Glass*, the reader will find it absurd to believe impossible things. □

FOREIGN POLICY
(continued from page 14)

tal political leaders can take in trying to influence public opinion.

An intellectual political leader like de Gaulle or Mao Tse-tung, perhaps, can change the ethos of a nation without jeopardizing his position. Both of them emerged to power, however, only after they had wandered in the wilderness for many years and their countries had been so humiliated that their people received them and their ideas with open arms. Sorry as the situation in America may be today, it isn't nearly as bad as France in 1958, upended by the Algerian war, or China in 1949, wracked with revolution. Political conditions are not sufficiently critical to permit Ford and Kissinger to lay a foundation in public opinion for strong defense and foreign policies. The only way to lay such a foundation, under present circumstances, is to receive cooperation from the value-molding institutions in society. For "leadership requires," as Paul Nitze has put it in private correspondence on this subject, "not only a leader but also an audience that resonates to his leadership." □

With Friends Like Us. . .

The recent Sinai agreement will intensify the belief of many commentators that American policy in the Middle East is the crown jewel of Kissinger's diplomatic triumphs. This important book says what no one wants to hear: Kissinger's Middle Eastern policy is instead an unmitigated disaster.

AlRoy singles out Kissinger for attack not because he created our Middle Eastern policy (since 1948 American policy has been to secure Arab recognition of Israel by lopping off pieces of her territory), but because he made its implementation possible. During the Yom Kippur War Kissinger was responsible, AlRoy says, for the delay in resupply to Israel, for the imposition of a ceasefire as the tide of battle had turned, for preventing the surrender of the trapped Egyptian Third Army once fighting had resumed (by threatening America would airlift supplies to the beleaguered Egyptians if Israel did not allow supplies to go through), and for ensuring that Israel's strategic and political position was so uncomfortable at the end of the war that she was forced to welcome unilateral withdrawals of her forces, withdrawals that Kissinger arranged and euphemistically entitled "disengagement agreements." Kissinger's goal in thus weakening an ally was to make the situation "fluid," giving diplomacy a chance to effect a broad settlement. But AlRoy states what should be obvious but has been obfuscated: the Arabs have never accepted the legitimacy of the State of Israel, and the Yom Kippur War, far from producing any fundamental changes in attitude, merely robbed Israel of her deterrent power. All Kissinger has accomplished is to shorten the interval between wars.

Nor can the United States benefit through gaining Arab friends. As AlRoy points out, we play cards that have to lose. We are to be sure in a much better position than the Soviet Union to extract territorial concessions from Israel. But the Soviet Union can afford to wait in the wings before declaring its hand: once the United States has provided the "conquered territories" the Soviet Union can play its trump—the offer of the State of Israel itself. The United States will be left holding the bag—a bag of guarantees we will have offered for the inviolability of the settlement. Believe it or not, the *New York Times* has recently called guarantees an alternative policy for the Middle East (July 6, 1975), and a series of pundits in *Foreign Policy* and *Foreign Affairs* have pointed to them as the key to a settlement. AlRoy rightly devotes only a few sentences to the subject: "As for guarantees and arrangements Israel might obtain, they never worked in the past and are not likely to work in the future, since they are only as good as the intentions of those who implement them.... Foreign guarantees always turned useless when really needed, because no foreign power was prepared to act decisively against the Arab world for the sake of Israel. Is this more likely to happen in the future, with the Arab economic and diplomatic clout even greater than before?"

While I find AlRoy's central argument unassailable, he does make some errors of commission and omission. Too much of his criticism of Kissinger consists of ad hominem assaults on his character and competence. (AlRoy thus falls into the very trap he laments in speaking of other critics of Kissinger.) A more effective kind of criticism, it seems to me, would be to point up the difference between Kissinger the theorist and Kissinger the man of action. Kissinger still says his ideas are to be found in his books, and fundamental questions of integrity are at issue if Kissinger's policies *by his own analysis* are doomed to fail. In *A World Restored*, his early book on the Congress of Vienna, Kissinger argued that diplomacy, "the art of restraining the exercise of power," cannot function where the basic order is not accepted as legitimate. He argued that in the absence of agreement on what is a reasonable demand, diplomatic conferences "are occupied with sterile repetitions of basic positions and accusations of bad faith, or allegations of 'unreasonableness' and 'subversion.' " Could there be a better forecast of the Geneva Conference? Kissinger further observed that defenders of the status quo are reluctant to take "revolutionary" demands seriously, treating the revolutionary power "as if it really accepted the existing legitimacy but overstated its case for bargaining purposes; as if it were motivated by specific grievances to be assuaged by limited concessions... 'Appeasement,' where it is not a device to gain time, is the result of an inability to come to grips with a policy of unlimited objectives." Is there a better diagnosis of Kissinger's own myopia?

The Kissinger Experience: American Policy in the Middle East

by Gil Carl AlRoy
Horizon Press $7.95

AlRoy also fails to set Kissinger's Middle East policies in the context of his faulty global designs. Kissinger expects that, through "détente," the Soviet Union will cooperate with the United States in "restoring a world" of harmony and stability, the mutual restraint of the superpowers preventing local conflicts from developing into larger confrontations. But in the Middle East, the Soviet Union has shown few signs of willingness to cooperate in this new order: not only did the Russians urge other Arab states to join in the Yom Kippur War, but they threatened to intervene directly themselves, so that the Americans had to call a worldwide military alert to indicate our determination. Furthermore, even if the Soviet Union were ready to cooperate, both superpowers face a world of ideological passion and nationalist enthusiasm, unrestrained by any framework of common assumptions, discourse, values, or respect for another's sovereignty. Why Kissinger should expect the Soviet Union to be able to determine the behavior of the Arabs when their enormous funds are making them quite independent of Soviet largesse is baffling indeed.

Finally, Israel's leadership comes off too lightly in this book. The real mystery is not, as the American public has thought, why Kissinger was accorded such a warm welcome in the Arab world—where he came bearing gifts like territory, nuclear reactors, and wheat—but why he was treated so well in Israel. According to AlRoy, Kissinger is viewed with fear and mistrust in Israel, and certainly the recent Sinai agreement was signed with a great deal of apprehension. But initially the Israelis received the Secretary of State much more warmly. Indeed, the Israeli government has shared many of his misguided conceptions. Kissinger's policy of "territories for legitimacy" is virtually identical to Jerusalem's long-cited policy of "territories for peace." Even Kissinger's short-term tactical goal, taking Egypt out of the conflict, was consistently pursued by Israel, most obviously in the Dayan plan for Israeli withdrawal from the Suez Canal, which would have offered Egypt more than the interim agreement Kissinger has just wrung from Israel, without, of course, any Yom Kippur War.

AlRoy is particularly good in explaining why Westerners have been able to close their eyes to the nature of Arab objectives in the Mideast—driving Israel and the Jews into the sea. But the truth is that Israel too has been unable to face up to this unpleasant reality. Returning to Zion not merely to rebuild it and themselves but to act as a blessing to the region, to found the "just society" others would emulate, the Jews never adjusted their millennial aspirations to Arab intentions, but rather kept finding excuses for them. The Arabs would love them once the wicked effendis, who fanned the conflict to distract peasants from their exploitation, were displaced by the class struggle. Those illusions gone, the Israeli leadership was no better able to define the conflict for what it is, one of incompatible aspirations, and continued to treat

it as if it were amenable to negotiation. Israel's leaders can therefore not challenge Kissinger. They can argue he demands too much from them and too little from the Arabs—their basic complaint about the Sinai agreement—but they are in no position to deny the fundamental assumptions of his negotiating process.

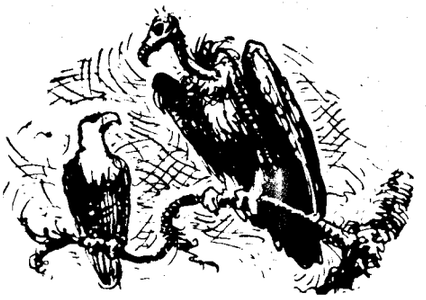
Ultimately the Middle East must prove a major test in evaluating Kissinger's effectiveness, for there he had unprecedented freedom to make policy. Whatever one may think of Kissinger's role in Vietnam, he acted under severe constraints, for the American public wanted out, and in his own view he bought no more than a decent interval before the South's collapse. In the case of Israel, Kissinger deliberately weakened an ally in the hopes of gaining influence among her enemies and restraining Soviet expansion. Already Kissinger has made the reverse inevitable. The opening of the Suez Canal to the Soviet navy, in enormously simplifying Soviet access to the Indian Ocean, may yet prove to be the most significant, if the least criticized, of Kissinger's actions, one, incidentally, that AlRoy does not even probe.

But AlRoy does point out that Kissinger threw away a potentially winning hand. A triumphant Israel with full American backing could have demoralized and destroyed (because of squabbling to apportion blame) the unity of the Arab states, and could have served as a powerful deterrent to their oil boycott and extortions. Iran has vital interests of her own in combating Arab power, and AlRoy argues that the United States could have played a decisive role in the Middle East by building up her alliance with Israel and Iran. But by weakening Israel to the point where her very existence has once again been put on the international agenda, the United States has sent Iran scurrying to mend her fences in the Arab world.

Although AlRoy's book was written before the Sinai agreement, there is no question what his view of it would be: that far from being a stage toward peace, the agreement is another stage in the weakening of Israel, bringing renewed Arab attack closer. In view of AlRoy's attitude toward "guarantees," he would probably consider acceptance of American technicians in the passes as a serious mistake on Israel's part. They will not protect Israel in time of crisis and in the meantime they will serve to undermine support for Israel in Congress and the American public, where one of Israel's strongest claims has been that she never asked for American manpower.

The ultimate verdict on Kissinger may well be yet another reworking of the well-worked Churchillian line: Never was so much thought of so little. □

The Nation's Pulse



by Peter J. Rusthoven

Organized Labor: Unworthy of Its Hire

Recently, the United States had one of its infrequent encounters with that commonplace of European domestic politics, the political strike. After apparently concluding that the Administration's decision to allow new sales of wheat to the Russians was a thoroughly unwise policy, the International Longshoremen's Union articulated its disapproval by refusing to load the vessels waiting to transport the grain to the Soviet Union. The remonstrances of various civil authorities proved unavailing. However, following a hurried White House summit between Gerald Ford, President of the United States, and George Meany, President of the AFL-CIO, the dock workers resumed work at the behest of organized labor's aging Chief Executive. The latter was content to close the incident by grandly announcing, "Foreign policy is too damned important to be left to the Secretary of State."

While the relatively brief walkout by the longshoremen seems a strong candidate for this year's award in the category of collective presumption, it is at bottom but one in a series of events that indicate the increasing truculence of American labor. At this writing, disruptive and potentially dangerous strikes literally span the continent. Policemen in San Francisco, who at a starting salary of some $17,000 are among the highest paid in the nation, have struck for still higher wages. In Chicago, a walkout by 27,000 teachers has shut down the city's entire public school system. New York, already facing bankruptcy as the consequence of years of irresponsible largesse toward its municipal employees, is threatened with strikes by a host of public servants who insist that the city's response to its much ballyhooed financial crisis feature neither cutbacks nor layoffs. And in Boston, on the eve of its second year of turmoil under a court-ordered busing plan, both police and teachers are contemplating the merits of work stoppages as a means of contributing to the Hub's current difficulties. The nation, in short, is witnessing a sorry spectacle of union-sponsored disruption that up until a few years ago would have been difficult to imagine. One suspects that Calvin Coolidge—who as Governor of Massachusetts catapulted into national prominence by remarking, during the Boston Police Strike of 1919, that "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time"—would be turning in his grave, were it not that his spirit even now probably recoils from such demonstrativeness.

Criticism of organized labor is an unpopular theme in this country. Politicians, intellectuals, and the press do regular, ritualistic homage to the working man, and seem at times a noisy claque for the virtues of unionization. The sentiments, moreover, have found practical as well as rhetorical expression: right-to-work laws and the current federal prohibition of secondary boycotts are but minor antagonists in a legislative drama in which the upwardly mobile minimum wage law and the thoroughly pro-union National Labor Relations Act dominate the stage. America does not observe a "Management Day," and no doubt never will. But possibly, in this era when police do not patrol, teachers do not educate, and dock workers assume the right to advise and consent to the foreign policy of the United States of America, some thoughts on the dangers organized labor poses to the fabric of this society are in order.

The most immediately disturbing aspect of American unions is the truly extraordinary power they are able and willing to exercise. In the never-ending contest for the allegiance of Senators and Representatives, organized labor far outdistances its competitors, holding an esteemed place in the councils of the majority party. Intervention in international affairs aside, no other actor in

the private sector can, on its own volition, bring important sectors of local, state, and national economies to a screeching halt. At a word from Leonard Woodcock, the automobile industry comes to a standstill; an Albert Shanker tires of negotiations, and classes do not meet in New York City; truckers become distressed, as they did last year, with rising fuel prices, and a "River Rat" Edwards is ushered from his rig to the inner chambers of the White House, a newly anointed spokesman for the working man. Indeed, it is no longer idle speculation to wonder if George Meany or a successor of equal or greater belligerence will be able before this decade ends to play labor's ultimate trump card by calling a general strike. Bombastic tirades about the evils of corporate influence are much in vogue these days, but I submit that there is neither a corporation nor even an industry which wields power as regularly or as effectively as the AFL-CIO and its numerous satellites. And remarkably, America's unions carry this off with an air of seigniorial right that would arouse the envy and astonishment of a Henry VIII. How many management spokesmen, for example, could contend that "foreign policy is too damned important to be left to the Secretary of State" without evoking the vociferous ire of every enlightened journal from the *New York Times* to the *Village Voice*?

The impact of this power on the American economy has all too often been predictably deleterious. While single-cause explanations of inflation (currently running at a heady 8+% annually) are both inadequate and misleading, it is clear that inordinate union wage demands have more than played their part. Productivity in this country has risen some 20% since 1967, a figure which trails far behind the overall pay increases negotiated during the same eight-year period. Perhaps more fundamental, however, is the degree to which unions can undermine efficient operation of American industry. I remember vividly the satisfaction with which one highly effective executive described to me his successful firing of a particularly nonproductive shop steward without causing the union to bring arbitration proceedings before the National Labor Relations Board. This achievement had required devotion of considerable time over a two-year period to the task of compiling a detailed, documented record of absenteeism, tardiness, drunkenness, etc., all to make it possible under the laws of the United States to fire an incompetent whom no intelligently run business would retain for a week if able to act freely. This story is far from unusual, save perhaps in its result. Similar tales, most often with a pro-union denouement, fill the pages of the NLRB reporter.

The current influence of organized labor is not, of course, graven in stone, and may yet be subject to some healthy erosion. Popular irritation with exorbitant wage increases and, in particular, with irresponsible strikes by public employees shows every sign of growing. The economic experience of postwar Britain is more than just a word to the wise; it is a veritable tome of warning about overweening union power which is beginning to be read by this society. And one even hears occasional rumblings from Washington about subjecting unions to antitrust legislation, a proposal which as recently as five years ago was anathema.

While these developments would be welcome, however, their potential contribution toward making organized labor a more limited and responsible force is at best a marginal one. Laws prohibiting strikes by public employees, for example, exist in virtually every state but are honored almost exclusively in the breach. And more fundamentally, the belief that legislation is the answer to any serious difficulty belongs to a philosophy which reasonable men should reject. For our problem here as elsewhere is not one of law but of spirit. It is a problem of policemen, charged with protecting the public, being willing to use the safety of the city as a bargaining chip for higher wages; of teachers, purportedly in the business of educating children to responsible citizenship, cheerfully violating the law in pursuit of a fatter paycheck. It is the problem of a nation that elevates a book called *Getting Yours* to the best seller list, of a society whose pundits preach that private retaliation is the proper response to perceived injustice.

It is in short a problem of selfishness and a corresponding lack of a sense of public virtue. In this, America's organized working men are no guiltier than many another segment of this society, and indeed, stand out in many ways as a rather attractive portion of the population. But as with everyone else, constant repetition of the theme that failure to fulfill one's every expectation or desire must mean that "someone is screwing you" has had its effect on them, an effect magnified by the expansive power which they collectively possess. Unless and until this country debunks the philosophy of expectation, that power will no doubt continue to strike out in greedy and irresponsible directions. □

Book Review/Steven E. Hyman

Mystifications for the Coffee Table

It is a commonplace to note that we live in a world dominated by science and technology. From antibiotics to aerosol cans, the fruits of modern science have altered the quality of life for everyone—at least in the Western world. But the scientific world itself remains a mystery to most of us. To many, the scientist is an inhuman and forbidding figure, and scientific language is all but incomprehensible to the nonspecialist. Even in the universities there is little commerce between the sciences and the humanities. This ignorance of what scientists do is unfortunate both from the point of view of the layman who lives in a world suffused by science and from the point of view of public policy. A typical misunderstanding of the way in which scientific knowledge emerges is evident in the frequent popular demands for "applied" rather than "basic" scientific research.

The late Dr. Bronowski was given a wonderful opportunity by the British

The Ascent of Man

by Jacob Bronowski
Little, Brown $15.00

Broadcasting Corporation to help breach this increasingly intolerable gap. *The Ascent of Man* began as a television series based on Kenneth Clark's very successful *Civilisation* series, and was then transcribed into a book. Bronowski's scope is immense, tracing man's great scientific discoveries from prehistory to modern quantum mechanics and molecular biology. Bronowski's personal and historical approach to the subject matter is brilliant in conception, because it allows him to show that scientists have always been fully human—needing imagination, guesswork, and luck in order to be successful. He shows, moreover, that the history of science is not a unilinear progress from error and superstition to truth, but a changing parade of worldviews, a parade which moves in fits and starts, often making progress against great odds, but making progress nonetheless: the very title, *The Ascent of Man*, shows the author's optimism about man's future. It is a well-conceived structure, but unfortunately the book falls miserably short of its promise.

In a popularization we must demand,

above all, accuracy and clarity: accuracy because the reader will not often have the opportunity to verify the facts presented him, and clarity because the whole idea of a popularization is to enlighten its readers. But Bronowski's book is often both misleading and mystifying, as both fact and interpretation drown in seas of empty rhetoric. For example, he discusses Machu Picchu, the ruined Inca city: "Stones make a wall, walls make a house, houses make streets and streets make a city. A city is stones and a city is people; but is not a heap of stones, and it is not just a jostle of people. In the step from the village to the city, a new community organization is built, based on the division of labour and on chains of command. The way to recapture that is to walk into the streets of a city that none of us has seen, in a culture that has vanished." Perhaps this would be more effective when recited by a mellifluous voice on television than it looks in print, but it would still say nothing.

Worse yet there are a plethora of misleading statements of which the following can serve as an illustration. Agriculture was not a terribly worthwhile enterprise until about 8000 B.C. when a wheat hybrid occurred by chance. That hybrid, Emmer, yielded larger, fuller heads of seeds than earlier wild wheats. Bronowski explains: "In terms of the genetic machinery that directs growth, it combined the fourteen chromosomes of wild wheat with the fourteen chromosomes of goat grass, and produced Emmer with twenty-eight chromosomes. That is what makes Emmer so much plumper" (p. 65). What Bronowski seems to imply is that 28 chromosomes will naturally produce a plumper head of seeds than will 14. That is patently absurd. Chromosome number *per se* has nothing to do with the structure of the resulting organism.

He creates mysteries where there are none. He suggests, for example, that we do not know why in the evolution of the lemur (the earliest primate to arise and man's distant ancestor) "there has been selection against the sense of smell and in favour of the sense of vision" (p. 37). In fact if the lemur was to fill the evolutionary niche that it did fill, living almost entirely in trees, it required good binocular vision in order to get about, while smell is rather unimportant in the food gathering of an arboreal creature. No mystery there.

Perhaps a more serious fault is that he either errs or falsifies in presenting historical facts. He suggests that Dalton, the father of modern atomic theory, had discovered that water was composed of two parts hydrogen to one part oxygen. Actually Dalton assumed that the proportion was one to one. It took later researchers to work out the truth, and the details are hardly so complex as not to merit inclusion in this book.

All this might seem like academic carping, but the sheer number of errors with which the unwary reader could leave Bronowski's book is upsetting. As good as he is at scientific biography, showing Galileo, Newton, and Einstein as fully-rounded, creative human beings, he is naive about scientific method. He claims that Galileo was the creator of modern scientific method, grounded in observation. It is likely, in fact, that most of Galileo's experiments were only "thought experiments," that is, convincing conceptual arguments for principles that Galileo had arrived at *a priori*, but not the groundwork of his thinking or even workable in practice. Furthermore, Bronowski says of Newton's *Principia* that it is the first example of rigorous scientific method because of its axiomatic-deductive form. That is the prejudice of a geometer. If science must be axiomatic and deductive like Euclid's *Elements*, biology is not now and may never be a science. The lack of a good discussion of scientific method is a grave flaw in a book which claims to chart the great peaks of human discovery.

It is typical of the work that Bronowski makes a beautiful abstract point near the end and then chooses the most inappropriate man possible to illustrate it. He argues for humility of intellect as one of the highest of values. Hitler was certain that he had the true path; the scientist must always be open to the possibility that he is wrong. But Bronowski quotes Oliver Cromwell, of all people, to make his point: "I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken" (p. 374). Whatever his other virtues, it is doubtful whether Cromwell, one of the most morally certain of men, ever applied this advice to himself.

There is a great need for books which will try to demystify science and technology for the nonscientist. *The Ascent of Man* with its clear typography and lavish plates will be a handsome decoration for any coffee table, but its intellectual content and mode of expression prevent it from filling any greater need. □

Book Review/Judy Mathews

From Ragtime to Riches

The setting is New York City during the early 1900s—a place and time with which most of us are either directly or indirectly acquainted. And because in his latest novel E.L. Doctorow is dealing with a relatively recent past, he must pay precise attention to the minutest detail if he wishes, as he does, to convince his readers that the plot could have taken place, and perhaps even did.

The author of *Ragtime* is, however, undaunted by his audience's awareness, and indeed takes advantage of it in order to weave a rather ordinary plot around historical people—Harry Houdini, Emma Goldman, J.P. Morgan, Henry Ford, and Admiral Peary, for example—in a fascinatingly innovative style. One has the impression that Doctorow spent a far greater time conceiving a style and a method than he did in creating a plot.

Coalhouse Walker, a Negro ragtime musician, is the hero (or rather, the antihero) of the novel. Articulate, well-dressed, and driving a snazzy Model T Ford, he courts and proposes marriage to Sarah, the unwed mother of his child, thus winning the friendship of the family with which Sarah lives. One day, after leaving Sarah in the upper-middle-class suburb of New Rochelle, Coalhouse is halted by a group of red-necked volunteer firemen who insist he pay $25 or present a pass in order to drive on the street. When he refuses, the firemen vandalize his Model T, defecate in its back seat, and push the automobile into a pond. Incensed, Coalhouse demands total restoration of the car. When police and firemen refuse to cooperate, Coalhouse seeks revenge, but not before Sarah tries to help. Hoping to solicit the aid of the vice-presidential candidate, James Sherman, she naively goes to a political speech where she is clubbed in the chest by a bodyguard as she raises her black hand in the crowd. She dies a few days later of pneumonia.

Ragtime

by E.L. Doctorow
Random House $8.95

Coalhouse then blows up the firehouse where he had been detained, killing four people and demanding again that his automobile be restored. One week later he bombs another firehouse, setting off a state of panic in New York. Finally he and

some revolutionaries who have joined him invade J.P. Morgan's library and wire it to detonate if his automobile is not restored. It eventually is restored, his accomplices are released, and Coalhouse walks out onto 36th Street where he is gunned down by a firing squad of policemen.

Contrived? Yes. Ritualistically liberal? Yes. Doctorow attacks not only racial bigotry, but the entire capitalistic system, male chauvinism, Tammany Hall politics, police brutality, and xenophobia. Emma Goldman speaks articulately and intelligently for socialism and the emancipation of women. But simplistic as the plot and ideology may be, this is a novel of polished technique.

One characteristic of ragtime music is its syncopated rhythm, which begins on an unaccented beat and continues through the next accented beat, or which begins on the last half of a beat and continues through the first half of the following beat. Doctorow's novel follows this pattern. The entire first half of the novel focuses on minor characters—some fictional, some factual, and some who may be either. It begins when Harry Houdini's car breaks down in front of the home of the well-to-do family around whom the novel centers, the family which later befriends Sarah and Coalhouse: Father, who spends the first half of the book accompanying Admiral Peary to the North Pole, Mother, Mother's Younger Brother, and The Little Boy, who stares in awe at Houdini's shiny headlights. The author introduces as well the socialist immigrant Tateh (Yiddish for Dad) and his beautiful daughter who are submerged in a Lower East Side slum. Evelyn Nesbit, the beautiful sex goddess whose sadistic husband has recently murdered her lover (the famous architect, Stanford White), befriends Tateh and his daughter and later has an affair with Mother's Younger Brother. Both Evelyn and Mother's Younger Brother encounter Emma Goldman and are briefly radicalized. It is not until Chapter 21 that we even hear of Coalhouse Walker, whose story comprises much of the remainder of the novel. The final chapter is then a summary of what has happened to the minor characters in the interim. We see Houdini again; he is wearing a strait jacket and hanging by his ankles from the Times Tower in Times Square:

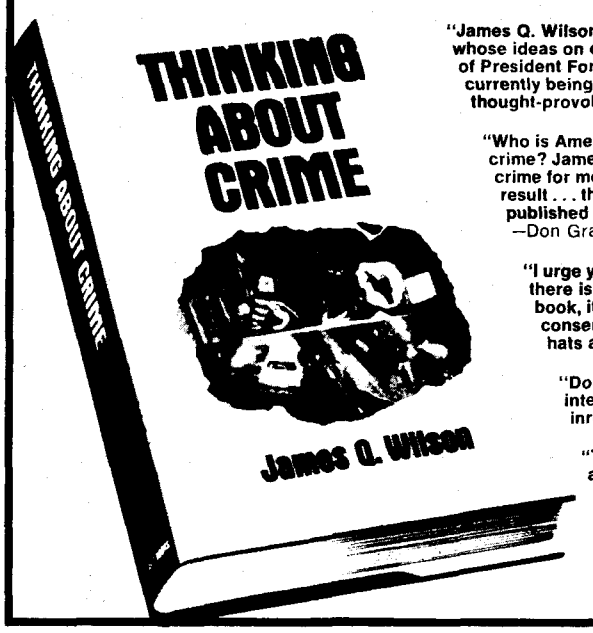
"The breeze up here was somewhat stronger. He felt himself revolving. He faced the windows of the Times Tower, then the open spaces over Broadway and Seventh Avenue. Hey, Houdini, a voice called. The wind turned Houdini toward the building. A man was grinning at him, upside down, from a twelfth-floor window. Hey, Houdini, the man said, f*** you. Up yours, Jack, the magician replied. He could actually release himself from a strait jacket in less than a minute. But if he did it too quickly people would not believe he was legitimate. So he took longer. He appeared to struggle. He could hear the oohs and aahs rising from the street as he made the cable jerk and spin. Soon his entire upper half, including his head, was entangled in the restraint. Inside the thick duck of the strait jacket there was no light. He rested for a moment. He was upside down over Broadway, the year was 1914, and the Archduke Franz Ferdinand was reported to have been assassinated. It was at this moment that an image composed itself in Houdini's mind. The image was of a small boy looking at himself in the shiny brass headlamp of an automobile."

The book has come full circle. Just as with ragtime music, the novel begins slowly on an unaccented beat with vignettes of the minor characters and continues through the major plot, ending again on a subdued note. Doctorow admonishes the reader in the words of Scott Joplin: "Do not play this piece fast. It is never right to play Ragtime fast..."

In tempo and in syncopated rhythm, then, *Ragtime* is as authentic as Scott Joplin's "Maple Leaf Rag." But as an authentic rendering of the American experience and of the American people, it is...well, it is jazz. □

"I recommend this book to the President, Attorney General, Congress, police, judges, correctional administrators and the general public for a succinct review of what our major crime problems are and what the potential solutions may be."

—Marvin E. Wolfgang, *The N. Y. Times Book Review*



"James Q. Wilson, the Harvard professor of government whose ideas on crime prevention have influenced those of President Ford, is worthy of much of the attention currently being paid him. This is one of the truly most thought-provoking books you are likely to read."
—*Chicago Sun-Times*

"Who is America's leading academic authority on crime? James Q. Wilson is. He has thought about crime for more than a decade and this book is the result . . . the most important book on crime published this year."
—Don Graham, former police patrolman, in *The Washington Post*

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—*National Observer*

"Don't fail to read this book . . . a keenly intelligent discussion of how to make inroads against the crime problem."
—*Christian Science Monitor*

"Those concerned with problems of crime and punishment should get a copy of this book. Wilson's cold-eyed examination of the myths about heroin alone is worth the price of admission."
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BASIC BOOKS
10 EAST 53RD ST, NEW YORK 10022

Of Men and Morning Newspapers

Ours, we are constantly told, is the age of television. But for the better part of a century, most Americans would have agreed with Wendell Phillips' judgment that we "live under a government of men and morning newspapers." From 1934 to 1971, Walter Trohan wrote about men in Washington for the *Chicago Tribune*, which, at least when he started working, was one of the most powerful of the nation's dailies—and also the most conservative. That such a bombastically critical journal could coexist for twenty years with Presidential administrations inimical to its expressed ideals is a tribute to the flexibility of republican government.

Political Animals is the memoir of a Washington observer who was often in an exceedingly awkward position, ameliorated only slightly by the fact that his paper's iconoclastic editor-publisher, Robert R. McCormick, had been a prep-school classmate of Franklin D. Roosevelt. "Colonel" McCormick was a "schoolmate of FDR but no chum," confides Trohan, and the two men's slight mutual regard—a function perhaps of their universal recognition as members of America's exclusive gentry—did nothing to diminish their deep political differences. Trohan was frequently under orders to write stories that attacked the very integrity of the Administration.

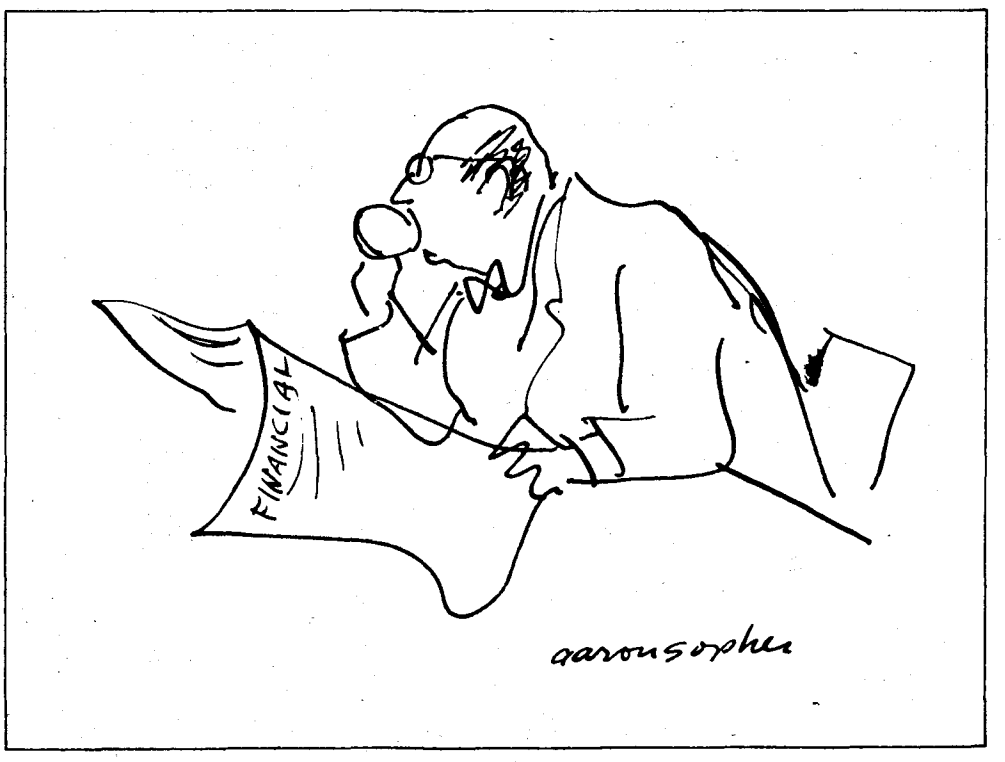
But though reporters need not admire the objects of their investigations, they must at least be able to get along with them. According to Trohan, he *did*, in fact, like FDR; but because of his partisan reporting he trod an ever more delicate line, often becoming *persona non grata* at the White House. Once, during a period when he was in good grace with the FDR staff, he ignored the movie advice of that fine old Irish gentleman Barry Fitzgerald that we "observe the proprieties at all times," and organized among the press corps and the Presidential staff a group of pranksters called the "Poughkeepsie Protective Association." On one occasion—and with Roosevelt's blessing

Political Animals:
Memoirs of a Sentimental Cynic

by Walter Trohan
Doubleday $10.00

—Trohan and his cohorts terrorized financier-diplomat Norman H. Davis, setting off firecrackers in and around his compartment for an entire night while he was a guest on the President's train. To top it off, a Secret Service man pulled up Davis' pajama top and dropped a twenty-five-pound block of ice on the great man's chest. The next morning Davis hastily departed, announcing dramatically, "Never, never again, will I ride a Presidential special."

Colonel McCormick was a driving taskmaster, and Trohan's respect for—and perhaps fear of—his employer led him to make some ill-considered journalistic decisions. Once McCormick wired Trohan, "I have it right out of the horse's mouth, the secret government is Morgenthau, Frankfurter, and Lehman," implying that Trohan do an article documenting the assertion. Trohan did write the story, even though he knew it was not true. He phrased the report as ridiculously and as strongly as he could, "confident that the colonel would see the limb he was pushing the *Tribune* out on." The article appeared on page one.



During the Truman Administration Trohan was no longer playing the role of a beneficent leprechaun who happened to wield an acid pen. With the approval and encouragement of McCormick, he actively assisted Ohio Senator Robert A. Taft in his campaign for the Republican nomination for President, helping him revise and write speeches and providing advice on publicity matters.

But in *Political Animals* Trohan tells only part of the story of his involvement in the Taft-Eisenhower contest. As the campaign was swinging into full gear in 1952, Trohan wrote in a column, "It has long been an open secret in Washington that material existed on which a muckraking personal attack could be built against the general." He never detailed the exact nature of the "material" in the pages of the *Tribune*. The "open secret" is finally discussed in *Political Animals*—he claims that Eisenhower was romantically involved with his British WAAC chauffeur during World War II—but Trohan does not record in his memoir the slur he had earlier committed. The episode controverts Colonel McCormick's claim about political sex scandals, namely that "the *Tribune* didn't fight that way." Apparently, at times it *did* fight that way.

McCormick was a believer in adversary journalism. With newspapers proliferating in the big cities and radio rapidly coming into its own, newspapers could afford—in fact, in McCormick's view, had an *obligation*—to trumpet their opinions as loudly and as outrageously as possible. Evidently, the Colonel felt that his editorial truths needed a push from his news columns once in a while, and it is as McCormick's "adversary journalist" in Washington that Trohan will be chiefly remembered. When McCormick died in 1955, he was replaced by a board of trustees who ran the *Tribune* the way they thought he would have run it. But these men were cautious to innovate, and they lacked McCormick's shrewdness; further, they failed to inspire enthusiasm in their Washington correspondent.

Trohan's memoirs are a reminder that newspaper journalism has been in the doldrums since the advent of television. He should know: he was there when things were different. In the years since McCormick, our lunatic devotion to "objectivity" has robbed modern newspapers of the excitement and individuality they once had. Is there no middle ground? The record of the *Chicago Tribune*, and of Walter Trohan's 38 years in Washington, leaves us with an open question: Cannot newspaper journalism be *both* partisan *and* fair? □

EDITORIAL
(continued from page 4)

"He was a constant participant at protest rallies, and since the end of the Vietnam war he has nodded through a prolonged melancholy. During his last days he rarely called his broker and even ceased to make threatening calls to his estranged wife, Yo Yo, who lives in London with his four-year-old son, Splendid Horizon. John's foul body will be cremated in an outdoor ceremony to be held at Stonehenge. The ceremony will be open to his fans. I hope the rocks fall on them. Good riddance to another loudmouth from the 1960s."

And how I long to publish this one:

"Retired Harvard professor John Kenneth died last week en route to Gstaad, Switzerland, where the renowned proponent of socialism usually wintered amid herds of movie idols, millionaire playboys, and Arab real estate agents. Professor John Kenneth wrote 21 books, not one of which gave any evidence that he actually read books. His popularity initially derived from his maniac energies and from the fact that he was practically the only American economist who could actually write coherent English, though he seems to have thought in Chinese or Uralic. His sentences were elegant, but his books made no economic sense at all. They never were used by serious economists, though they sold successfully—mainly to readers who admired short titles or who had seen the orotund Professor spin his yarns on late-night television shows. At universities they were chiefly used in introductory American history courses, American historians being known for their economic ignorance.

Professor John Kenneth distinguished himself for being elegantly wrong on practically every issue of the day. Nevertheless, because of the extraordinary velocity of his pronunciamentoes, people generally forgot his earlier gaffes. Professor John Kenneth was a superb example of those frenetic know-it-alls whose doctrinaire nostrums contribute so much to the economic and social problems they claim to be solving. John Kenneth was a lifelong botch."

Finally, though I have only sketched one, I should like to write an obituary about that characteristic capitalist genius who makes a huge fortune and then immures himself in a castle somewhere, venturing out solely to make more money and to act in such a way as to discredit democracy, capitalism, and the human race. Generally he specializes in offending people. He manifests his public-spiritedness by maintaining useless shrines such as extensive formal gardens featuring rare and probably poisonous Ethiopian desert shrubs. He may be interested in some form of art, but he has almost no interest in the anatomy of the political, economic, or social system. In the unlikely event that he does have some understanding of the culture, he will lift not a finger to support it. To the contrary, he is then apt to donate an incredible sum to an organization dedicated to the destruction of the culture, for he suspects any system that has allowed him any room in which to operate. If he has any concern at all for his fellow men it is for the admiration of his enemies. They of course loathe him. When he dies, there remains but a hole where some wealth once was; for, if his family does not immediately squander his wealth, his family and his foundations drain it into some useless organizations or into groups that are arrantly subversive. He is the best argument I know of for democratic socialism, and before we are stranded in that particular form of government I want to commemorate his achievements.

It is said that the novel is dead. These are the salad days of journalism and of the essay. Yet, considering the frauds and dolts who frolic amongst us, I expect that the obituary is the literary form of the future. This is certain to be the case if, as we are told, art represents the yearning of the cultivated minority; for what cultivated individual can read the daily headlines and not wish that the stars of said headlines were, in a word, *kaput*?

Literary interest in the obituary will of course be a terrific boon to my career, but allow me to suggest that it will represent something more. The literary preeminence of the obituary may very well mean the salvation of the American Republic. It strikes me as unlikely in the extreme that, for instance, many American politicians would act as graspingly and loutishly as they do if their obituaries were to become literary sensations, eventually appearing in anthologies of American literature. There would be far more statesmanlike restraint on Capitol Hill if the solons lived with the realization that hours after their departures for the hereafter America's future Faulkners might be pounding them into the stuff of literature.

I leave this to your contemplation and patiently await the day when the culturati recognize the artistic merits of the obituary. When they do I shall be ready. □

David Brudnoy

Brudnoy's Film Index

■ **The Apple Dumpling Gang:** The Latest Disney, this one stars Bill Bixby, Don Knotts, Susan Clark, some oh-so-adorable wee darling kids, Tim Conway, about six stereotypical situations, and an overdose of cutesy-poo. The tale has something to do with a huge gold nugget, some unpleasant robbers and some pleasant robbers, adult love, child affection, and... zzzzzz.

■ **Beyond the Door:** Son of Rosemary's Baby Meets the Exorcist's Nemesis' Disciple, in one of the less haunting of the recent scare-'em-uppers of the silvery screen. This one has no cohesiveness, no motivation, no terror, no acting, no dialogue ever spoken on this continent by this (human) race, no fun, no irony, no thought. It does have Juliet Mills, and she's hideous. It also has some more of that technicolor vomit, saving the audience from producing its own.

■ **Breakout:** There's this perfectly dreadful jail down Mexico way, and this perfectly innocent chap (Robert Duvall) is rotting in it, courtesy his wicked uncle (John Huston) and, ho hum, and for no apparent reason, the CIA; so his high-strung wife (Jill Ireland) racks her brain for a Way Out. Eureka! Charles Bronson to the rescue—mustache, muscles, sneer, and a helicopter do the trick. *Breakout* breaks down in the second reel, and thereafter it's unintended comedy. Which breaks the spell.

■ **Coonskin:** Ralph Bakshi, perpetrator of *Fritz the Cat* and *Heavy Traffic*, again inflicts his poison-pen caricatures on audiences dying to see the Br'er Rabbit tales translated into 1970s "ghetto" parables. CORE has responded with a feverish censorship campaign, completely misunderstanding the film's purpose, which is not to savage Negroes, but to savage the whites who create the Amerikkka the Negroes live in. The animation is splendid, the live acting interspersed with it is O.K., the motivation is surely one of humanitarian concern for the underdog, the realization is squalid and obsessed, but somehow, despite everything working against it, the film is provocative, disturbing, and in some ways it is persuasive.

■ **Farewell, My Lovely:** Robert Mitchum as Philip Marlowe, and Charlotte Rampling as a wicked lady, bring splen-

did acting and appeal to this lovingly constructed evocation of 1930s crime thrillers (Raymond Chandler variety). Two twitchy little plots intertwine neatly in a grand finale that perfectly sums up an older, yet viable, conception of how to make a detective story work. Mitchum again shows his undiminished low-key skills, and Rampling, fresh from her disaster role in *Night Porter*, recoups her losses.

■ **Hennessey:** Guy Fawkes revisited. A bit of nicely contrived stuff about the Northern Ireland troubles, starring Rod Steiger as a chap whose personal losses of wife and daughter unhinge him, such that he flies to London to blow up the Queen—and Parliament. Both the IRA and Scotland Yard are desperate to catch him before he can ignite the bomb that would be heard 'round the world, the IRA for purely tactical motives. Lee Remick does a nice turn as Hennessy's island of safety in London, and Steiger gives a coolly restrained, unusually unmannered performance.

■ **Kamouraska:** A film out of French Canada starring the exquisite Genevieve Bujold as a nineteenth century chick whose husband is a dolt and whose lover is an expatriate Yankee who'll stop at nothing to have her. Violence subsumes the movie, and yet the characterizations are wonderfully strong and believable. It is a cold barren world this film portrays, at times hauntingly so.

■ **The Land That Time Forgot:** Doug McClure as an American nautical whiz, and a pile of World War I limeys and Germans, plus, natch, a nubile lass, make common cause when, for plot reasons too complicated to withstand brief repeating, they wind up in a—surprise!—land that time forgot. Come dinosaur, come bubbatsoris, come diddhowhatsis, come cave man, come lava flow, come one and all, because it is just the movie your kids will love: full of blood and gore and envy and spite and misdirection and implausibility—all the juvenile virtues.

■ **Night Moves:** The invariably estimable Gene Hackman stars in an awkwardly pointless thriller by the usually skillful Arthur Penn. Enough mixups and false leads and plots within plots for three movies; too much for one. Hackman's performance is like a cat chasing its tail: there's dynamism and motion and grace, but no purpose. It misses by inches, and in this genre a miss is as sad as a mile.

■ **A Pain in the A--:** Jacques Brel not, alas, singing, is the pain in the a-- (the dashes are in the title, as translated for mah fellow Merkins, courtesy the distributor), whose well-meant gaucheries upset a rifle-toting hit man something fierce. The film alternates drear with the giggle. Everyone but Brel falls a bit flat, but (here it comes) Brel is alive and well and showing a nice turn at slapstick.

■ **Undercovers Hero:** Peter Sellers as Hitler, an octogenarian French general, a Gestapo fanatic, a Nipponese prince, the President of France, and a British spy, rewriting history in a witless story of why the Nazis didn't burn Paris. It is the essence of prurience, and it shows that even a master comedian like Sellers is the prisoner of his material. □

The Bootblack Stand

by George Washington Plunkitt

Dear Dr. Plunkitt:

I recently began a campaign to raise the intellectual level of debate in the U.S. Senate by delivering a series of speeches outlining my current philosophical position. For years I have been loosely referred to as a liberal but in light of an intellectual metamorphosis that began for me in early 1972 when a Professor Donald Segretti sent me a packet in the mail urging me to read it and use it in my speeches, I think it is more proper to describe my thought as radically humane. That is to say, I am a direct philosophical descendant of Felix, the poet of yore, whose work Dr. Segretti sent me and who summed up his philosophy for all time in the insightful epithet: "Nothing human could ever leave a rash like that." Some of his other statements were: "If it secretes there's more to it than meets the eye," "Hell hath no fire like a woman squirmed," and "I never met a man I didn't like."

Felix's corpus commends itself to the modern condition (in 235 B.C., on April 12, he prophesied that "A great nation will rise up just south of Canada and be worsened by a man with a ski-jump nose"), so I have been using his quotes in my speeches. Unfortunately the level of intellect on Capitol Hill is so low that many Senators just laugh rudely and throw spitballs. Even Senator Kennedy just looks at me and shakes his head. What can I do to get my colleagues to think more seriously? Is Felix too deep?

—Cordially,
Sen. John Tunney, B.A., LL.B.

Dear Senator Tunney:

Come now. I find it difficult to believe that you cannot attract any support in our redoubtable Senate. There are some remarkable minds in that body. May I suggest you pay a visit to Senator Gravel, Senator Montoya, and that Senator from Virginia who keeps forgetting his name. Incidentally, the poet's name is not Felix but Phelix.

—GWP

Dear Dr. Plunkitt:

On September 21 I released a report adducing evidence that only about six percent of the Navy's five hundred ships are fully combat-prepared. This evidence has been amassed since 1966. The press construed this as a criticism of Navy laxity. It was meant as nothing of the kind. My point was that if from 1966 America has survived with only six percent of the Navy's ships combat-prepared, it is obvious that the remaining ninety-four percent of the Navy's ships are superfluous and an unnecessary governmental expenditure.

The press is trying to make me out to appear as some sort of congressional grumbler. I am trying to make a serious point. If we were to cut our Navy by ninety-four percent there would be a lot more money to spend on what I call people needs and a lot more room in the ocean for whales.

—Sincerely,
Les (No Pun Intended) Aspin, M.C.

Dear Congressman Aspin:

Frankly I see no need for any navy whatsoever. No do I see the need for an army or air force. After all we have not had a truly big war for years, yet we keep building up this enormous military force. If we had some guarantee that we really were going to have a war I could see the purpose in this military expenditure, but it is unlikely we will have a war—not while there's an energy crisis. Thanks for your nice note. I look forward to seeing you the next time I visit the sanitarium.

—GWP

"Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." —Euripides

Current Wisdom

THE LIBERAL IMAGINATION: Sorrows of a young idealist as related by her confidante, one Sandra Good:

Squeaky is very, very gentle and that's why all this monstrousness out here hurts her. It's on her back; she carries that weight. Every day we would wake up and think, "How many whales did they kill today?..."

—*New York Daily News*
September 15, 1975

AMONG THE INTELLECTUALOIDS: Social philosopher Peter Hellman elucidates the political mysteries of exhibitionism and the venery arts to an agape audience:

In England, the miniskirt rebellion mothered by Mary Quant in the late nineteen-sixties took hold as a nose-thumbing gesture at the upper classes—just as rock had been a musical affront. But in America, miniskirts and other boldly antiromantic styles were more an assertion of the ascendant power of women as independent beings, no longer subordinated to the careers of men.

—*New York Times Magazine*
September 14, 1975

SIMPLE SOLUTIONS: Another orotund discourse from Bill Walton, cosmic jock:

"Caring for one's body is very important. Changing my diet to vegetarian, which consists of fruits and vegetables, nuts, grains, seeds, herbs and juices has done wonders for me. Such a diet has brought back my soul's consciousness.

"The consciousness comes back when we stop eating the carcasses of dead animals. Better vibrations occur. Our values are to learn that health, our bodies and our lives are more important than the value of money.

"I am stronger now, and weigh more now, than when I was a garbage disposal in college."

—United Press International
May 1975

EPISTEMOLOGICAL BREAKTHROUGH: A scientific statement advanced in the soapbox section of the esteemed *Dallas Times-Herald* by Mr. Owen Shivers, valetudinarian:

Dogs hear sounds that human beings cannot hear. Some human beings detect astrological manifestations that one hundred and eighty-six scientists do not detect. This is to be expected.

I know that nearly all of my major troubles have come when Saturn was in either Libra or Aquarius. Or do those scientists think that I have merely imagined that broken arm, that dislocated kidney, that pneumonia and that nervous breakdown?

Most astrologers are amused by those astrological skits in the daily newspapers. Anyway, I believe in astrology, not in most astrologers.

—*Dallas Times-Herald*
September 9, 1975

IRVINGISMS: Clifford Irving launches an axiom anticipated by Washington politicos years ago:

"It's fruitless to worry about the future. I have always been easy going and irresponsible and things have always worked out."

—*International Herald Tribune*
July 7, 1975

IN PURSUIT OF A BETTER WORLD: *Ms.* magazine, a journal dedicated to enlightenment and social justice, reports on the uplifting films of actress Pam Grier:

"In *Foxy Brown* she avenges the cold-blooded slaying of her brother and boyfriend by castrating the villain, putting his penis in a jar filled with pickling juice, and making a present of it to his girlfriend... Ms. Grier's... are the only films to come out of Hollywood in a long time to show us a woman who is independent, resourceful, self-confident, strong, and courageous. Above all, they are the only films to show us a woman who triumphs!"

—*Ms.*
August 1975

REPORTAGE AND ART: An impressively informative news story about a member of one of America's more obscure families of wealth, from the arty pages of the *Chicago Daily News*:

Little Rock, Ark. (*AP*)—Vice President Nelson A. Rockefeller, a multimillionare, says one of the nation's problems is a Judeo-Christian ethic that makes Americans generous to a fault to the needy.

—*Chicago Daily News*
September 13, 1975

BEING AND NOTHINGNESS REVISITED: Clifford Irving, fresh from 17 months in the slammer for his controversial writings and bankrupted by debts of $55 million against assets of $410, reaffirms the existential quiddity in his typically abstruse style:

"I'm sorry I got caught. And I'm sorry I involved my wife Edith, and I'm sorry I put my children into such jeopardy.

"But I feel better and more experienced for having gone through it all. It was exciting. And there's a certain satisfaction from meeting difficulties, conquering them and coming out relatively whole."

—*International Herald Tribune*
July 7, 1975

THE GENIUS: Ratiocinations of one Dr. Perry Jottenburg, sage, as reported in the remarkable *New York Times*, a journal of national record:

Psychiatrists expressed concern yesterday that violence might be becoming more legitimate in the eyes of some disturbed people alienated by government policies, and that the two gun episodes involving President Ford might prove contagious.

Dr. Perry Jottenburg, senior attending psychiatrist at the Institute of Pennsylvania Hospital, said in Philadelphia that government leaders' "lack of candor, their hypocrisy, their inaccessibility, manipulation of media, prolongation of a nasty, dirty war, lack of follow-through on many social and health programs" had "created a situation where desperate individuals feel a certain legitimacy" to invoking violence.

—*New York Times*
September 24, 1975

ANGST: Another sociological observation lovingly sepulchered in the endless pages of the *New York Review of Books*, Bible of America's Cadres of Virtue:

It is because our society is a failure that poetry is not eminent in it.

—*New York Review of Books*
July 17, 1975

IDIOTICA: In the correspondence section of the *International Herald Tribune* poor Mr. Solzhenitsyn is vanquished again, this time by the prodigious ratiocinations of a London philosopher whose last name seems to be an acronym:

Those who have been waiting with baited breath for the bloodbaths may have at last gotten some satisfaction from the article by Alexander Solzhenitsyn (IHT, June 24) in which he refers to the [Vietnam] war ending "tragically in the assassination of thousands and the imprisonment of millions of others." I respectfully submit that Mr. Solzhenitsyn has not one iota of evidence to back this assertion, and that, to the contrary, the end of the war has marked the end of a 10-year bloodbath and the release of 200,000 political prisoners from Thieu's prisons.

I have no way of challenging the veracity of Mr. Solzhenitsyn's much celebrated writings on the Soviet Union. But if this transparently uninformed and irresponsible slander of the new government in South Vietnam is characteristic, then serious doubts must be raised about his other writings.

Fritz Efaw, London.

—Letter,
International Herald Tribune
July 7, 1975

correspondence

To the Editor:

Mary Jo Doyle (June/July 1975 issue) has written a fairly good book review of **Catch-22**. Too bad the review is supposed to be about Heller's latest effort, **Something Happened**.

We all can't agree on everything, of course (that being the reason I enjoy reading your publication despite my less than conservative viewpoint), and if your reviewer found Bob Slocum's narrative "boring," that is her right. But to pan the book because it doesn't "reassert (Heller's) faith in the power of man to overcome the mundane through affirmative action of the spirit" is absurd. If she was expecting **Catch-22—Part II** perhaps she had better contact Francis Ford Coppola rather than Joseph Heller.

Ted D. Henry
Brainerd, Minnesota

To the Editor:

Permit me to congratulate you for reprinting in your current issue (August/September 1975) Eugene Rostow's speech on American foreign policy which he delivered some months ago in Los Angeles. It is far and away the best statement that I have seen both on what our foreign policy should be and where and why we have failed recently as a nation. Mr. Rostow deserves special praise for pointing out that our commitment in Vietnam was based on solemn treaty commitments under the SEATO pact and not a will-o'-the-wisp adventure as the press has made out—however mistakenly we may have tried to honor those commitments in terms of a no-win strategy. He is also to be commended for pointing out that we in effect disregarded the Paris accord of 1973 when we did not respond with force to North Vietnam's open aggression against South Vietnam. Watergate no doubt explains Nixon's and Kissinger's irresolution but it scarcely justifies letting an aggressor nation reap the spoils of war. Finally, and in larger context, Rostow has done a signal service in arguing that foreign policy must express the national interest and in defining that interest in specific and enduring terms that all of us can understand or should be able to understand. Again, my congratulations both to him for stating his views and to you for seeing they are important.

John A. Davenport
Middletown, New Jersey

To the Editor:

I noticed that on April 5 the **New Republic** ran an article calling **The Alternative** one of the most exciting magazines around. Since then there has been a conspicuous absence of "Current Wisdom" spoofing the **New Republic**, even though it used to be featured two or three times each issue. Am I looking too hard for conspiracies and sell-outs because of the post-Watergate morality, or have you surreptitiously moved east?

Bridget Flaherty
Atlanta, Georgia

The Editor-in-Chief replies: Indeed you are overly suspicious. Two weeks after the **New Republic** praised us they duly lost seventy-five percent of their subscribers and immediately went out of business. I have not had a good horse laugh since.—**RET**

To the Editor:

You are to be congratulated for publishing Harvey Mansfield's two essays on liberal democracy. I have not read a better analysis of our present difficulties nor one that appears more useful in pointing to rhetorical approaches which might help improve our condition. That is, it ought to be possible to make the choice between egalitarianism and aristocracy clearer than it usually appears to be, and to make that choice appear as necessary as it in fact is. Either choice would entail the acceptance of responsibilities for the maintenance of the regime.

Fred Baumann
University Center for Rational Alteratives
New York, New York

To the Editor:

"Unsafe at any Metabolic Rate" (May editorial) is as clever and perceptive a piece as I can remember. Witty, too. Congratulations!

You realize, of course, that what you described is a new religion which we scholars have tentatively named **Logophageia**.

Though it is characteristic of religions to have special food regulations this new religion is unique: it is **only** food regulations.

Lapsed Jews, I've found, are particularly attracted to it. It seems to assuage our atavistic yearning for the laws of kashruth.

David J. Mandel
New York, New York

To the Editor:

Max Geltman's slapdash and yes, if I may be solemn, irresponsible review (in the June/July issue) of my **Ordeal of Civility: Freud, Marx, Levi-Strauss and the Jewish Struggle with Modernity** makes one ask: "Is this any way to review a book?"

Misquotations—Geltman writes: "He [Cuddihy] speaks in slurs, as when he says Hannah Arendt's " 'perverse' dissent..." from the Supreme Court's desegregation decision of 1954....

Cuddihy wrote: Arendt's "otherwise 'perverse' attack" on the Supreme Court's decision (p. 27, n). I do not call Arendt perverse simply. Norman Podhoretz, for example, wrote an essay on her **Eichmann** subtitled "A Study in the Perversity of Brilliance."

Geltman writes: "Cuddihy tells us that it is 'no accident' that Wilhelm Reich, the orgonist [sic]... and Charles Reich... came to almost identical conclusions."

Cuddihy wrote: "The analogy here to Reich's namesake and heir—Charles Reich—is 'no accident.' " (p. 107) I pick up the "no accident" phrase with tweezers, distancing myself from it even as I use it. Geltman deliberately falsifies tone by misquotation.

Gerrymandered quotation — Geltman writes: " 'It's not for nothing' (Cuddihy writes that way!), we are informed, that Levi-Strauss' **The Raw and the Cooked** deals 'with the [sic] ancient theme of Diaspora intellectuality...' "

Cuddihy wrote (p. 152): "It's not for nothing that Talcott Parsons,..." in **The Structure of Social Action** analyses Marx as an idealist, and **three pages later** Geltman's Levi-Strauss passage appears (p. 155, bottom).

Misattribution—Geltman imputes to me, in my discussion of genres, what I cite from authorities (p. 228): C.S. Lewis on when Europe discovered fiction juxtaposed to David Patterson on when the modern Hebrew novel was created, and Alfred Kazin for the fact that East European Jews " 'have produced many stories, narratives, legends, but until our day, very little fiction.' " (p. 228).

Misquotation—Geltman's first quotation (column one of review) is not even from my book. It's from the jacket copy which, as it happens, I didn't write. He doesn't so inform his readers. Geltman writes of "the Professor's submergence into what **he calls** [my emphasis] 'The Irish and the Jews.' " The full title reads: "Jews and Irish: Latecomers to Modernity" (p. 165). "...we get... a 'Tale of Two Hoffmans' (Judge Julius and Abbie), a parable so vulgar I spare the reader the details." The full title: "A Tale of Two Hoffmans: The Decorum Decision and the Bill of Rites" (p. 189). Geltman: "something about 'Jews and [sic] Blacks and the Cold War at the Top.' " The full title: "Jews, Blacks, and the Cold War at the Top: Malamud's **The Tenants** and the Status-Politics of Subcultures" (p. 203).

Geltman "dismisses" as "absurd" my notion of a "Lower Side [sic] system." On page 166 I write: "The Irish Catholics... constructed their far-ranging parochial school system. The Jews... 'constructed' their teeming Lower East Side system. Churches and seminaries were built, diocesan weeklies printed; **shuls** and **yeshivoth** were built, Yiddish newspapers appeared" (p. 166). The second "constructed" is in quotes.

Geltman writes that in the final chapter of my book, "Jewry, Modernity, Christianity," "we are exposed to more nonsense than should be allowed even an associate [sic] professor of sociology at one of New York's open-admission colleges (Hunter)." I am an assistant, not an associate, professor, as one glance at the jacket would have informed Slapsie Maxie Geltman.

Finally, Geltman misreads and coarsens what I write about Marx and the Jews. Marx is a debunker, an anti-philo-Semite primarily, not an anti-Semite **simpliciter**. It is thus that I can quote Historian Gertrude Himmelfarb, who writes of Marx's "horrendous and odious" essay "On the Jewish Question," that it is, nevertheless, "a formidable argument... integrally related to the rest of his thought... an intellectually impressive statement of his vision" (p. 136 of **Ordeal**).

Basta! Read the book itself. It's great!

John Murray Cuddihy
New York, New York

Max Geltman replies:

It is a sickly business trying to keep up with Cuddihy's **sics**. It would seem that his "ordeal" has finally unhinged him. If he thinks to engage my serious attention after calling me "Slapsie Maxie Geltman" he is very much

mistaken. But that is his style—and the style is the man. Besides, his **Ordeal of Incivility** (sic) remains, on reperusal, an overbearing bore, containing the only original insight on the jacket which, he admits, he did not write. After all, the publishers were not about to release his compendium of confusion without some clue as to what they thought the author was talking about.

If, finally, he thinks to identify his view of Marx simply as an "anti-philo-Semite" with what Gertrude Himmelfarb wrote on the subject, he is doing her—and your readers—a great disservice. One begins to wonder here—but let it go.

To the Editor:

Your humor is a tonic,
And your salient wit a treat;
Your analysis of issues
Makes one's knowledge more complete;
So here's to "Alternative"
(with no cart before the horse)
I'm delighted that some of our "young"
Have our country's "good" at heart!

Louise Stewart
Hot Springs, Arkansas

To the Editor:

I was delighted to see in the May issue of **The Alternative** two fine tributes to the greatest living advocate of freedom and free enterprise, Friedrich A. Hayek. In the article by James Grant, however, there seems to me an unfair treatment of "Hayek as Economist." On the theory of the trade cycle, Grant writes, 'New research, not surprisingly, has overtaken some of Hayek's work," citing Friedman's and Schwartz's **Monetary History of the U.S.** as evidence. The great accomplishment of Friedman's work is showing empirically that monetary changes have often had an independent origin. Monetary changes have usually had pretty much an exogenous (i.e., political) cause and have not simply been a reflection of changes in economic activity as the ancient banking school fallacy, still repeated by Keynesians and other Fed apologists, would suggest.

Friedman's theoretical work, however, can hardly be considered to have "overtaken" Hayek's. Friedman's business cycle theory, insofar as he has one at all, is much more primitive than Hayek's, harkening back to the purely monetary theory of Fisher and Hawtrey in the 1910s and 1920s. Hayek's point in **Prices and Production** and elsewhere is that a period of depression should not be counteracted by an inflation of the money supply, but rather the readjustment process, the liquidation of malinvestment, should be allowed to take its course. Friedman's analysis, on the contrary, mistakes symptoms for causes and advocates reinflation which only aggravates the maladjustments. Rather than recognizing the inflationary policies of Benjamin Strong of the New York Fed in the 1920s, Friedman laments the tight money policy (as the "cause" of the Depression) that ensued after Strong's death.

I can hardly do justice to such a complicated subject in this brief letter. But, hopefully, it has shown that in the monetary and business cycle theories of Hayek and Mises there lies a real **alternative** to the Keynesian-Monetarist debates that have generated more heat than light.

Daniel G. Lute
Philipsburg, Pennsylvania

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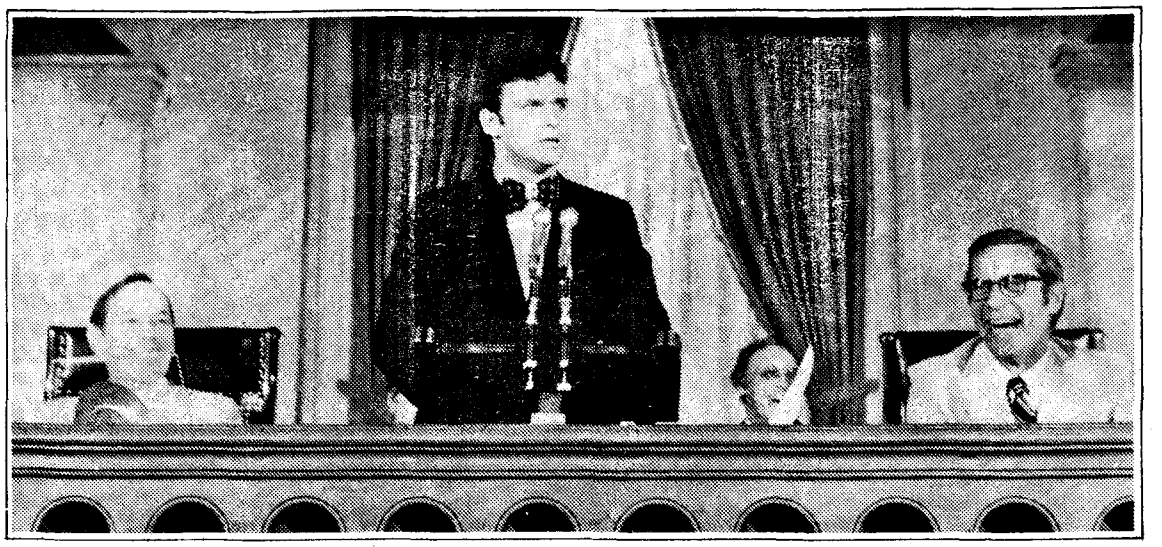

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., editor of *The Alternative*, delivering remarks after receiving an award from the American Institute for Public Service, in the Old Supreme Court Chamber on July 23. (Left to right, Sen. Robert A. Taft, Tyrrell, Cong. John H. Buchanan, Hon. William E. Simon.)

The Editor of "The Alternative" Speaks... The Secretary of the Treasury Laughs...

For that matter so do the senior Senator from Ohio, Senator Robert A. Taft, Jr., and Alabama's Republican Congressman, Congressman John H. Buchanan. No matter how burdensome one's cross might be, Tyrrell makes people laugh. So does *The Alternative*. It also makes people think.

There is no other magazine in America that is so successful in combining merriment and thoughtfulness. No other magazine offers its readers serious analysis, factual information, and a stained glass window on the world of the absurd. This is a civilized answer to urbane yokelry. It is never sold next to the *New York Review of Books*. In fact it is rarely sold on newsstands. To be sure to get this increasingly acclaimed review use this subscription form. And while you have the opportunity, why not subscribe for a friend? Doesn't someone you know deserve a merry respite from the heavy burdens of the world? Act now...and Happy Days!

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